Democrats, Delegates & Dollars *Ken Bode*

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TRB

from Washington
March 20, 1976

The Founders Club

James Madison, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay were talking over the Florida primary last week. They met in an alcove of the Founders Club; they were a notable trio in their queues and ruffles. They were the three who wrote *The Federalist* in 1788, which was a promotion job for the newly devised United States Constitution adopted a year later. They helped start it all but they didn't expect it to turn out this way.

They never anticipated a presidential election lasting a year, with a dozen state caucuses and 30 primaries, with rival parties, two convention spectaculars, and a sporting event falling between the baseball and football seasons costing $400 million.

No, they thought of it as a quiet affair performed by genteel delegates picked by respective states, who would meet decorously in the nation's capital to count ballots and elect a worthy successor to George Washington.

"The people who own the country ought to govern it," John Jay once wrote. And *The Federalist* warned against "the activity or party zeal taking advantage of the supineness, the ignorance, and the hopes and fears of the unwary and interested (which) often place men in office by the votes of a small proportion of the electors."

John Jay turned to James Madison. "What do you make of the Florida primary, Jemmy?"

Madison, a small, slight man ("no bigger than half a piece of soap," his friends said) smiled ruefully. "It's not what we expected, eh?" he said. "But it's not so bad. We feared bloodshed and got boredom. I warned against the rise of 'factious leaders, that may kindle a flame within their particular states.' Not so much of a flame yet but there are 27 primaries to go. Our descendants have a capacity for punishment which can only fill me with pride. The next contest is Illinois, next week."

"Illinois," murmured Jay, "one of the Indian states. Part of the Northwestern Posts my treaty saved from the British."

"And Florida," said the other. "Monroe took it from the Spanish. What does the new vote mean?"

They turned instinctively to Hamilton. He was the politician. Contemporaries called him brilliant, daring, ruthless. His cheeks were like a girl's, and his eager look like a race horse. He moved men strongly—"Bastard brat of a Scotch peddler," snarled John Adams. But Talleyrand called him the greatest of the "choice and master spirits of the age."

"Florida," he mused, patting his peruke. "Our sitting President, Mr. Ford, it appears, is not a George Washington, but he is solid and respectable and has proper regard for the propertied classes. He might go far with a man like me to guide him—but never mind! He is now, I think, disposing of his first dangerous rival. He will have greater trouble, I suspect, when he meets the selected candidate of the other faction, ah, the Democrats."

"What do you think, sir, of the one they call Jimmy Carter?" ventured Jay.

"I think I should like to have him on my side," Hamilton answered cryptically. "But it is the process that fascinates me, friends, not the players. Picking a President is the central problem of our system of divided government, the only such system now in the world. We were gullible, perhaps, when we thought we had solved it in our cozy Electoral College. I wrote in *Federalist No. 68* that the mode of appointment of the Chief Magistrate was almost the only part of the system which has escaped without severe censure. I boasted that our method would make a choice without 'tumult and disorder without 'cabal, intrigue and corruption and that it affords moral certainty that the office of the President will seldom fall to the lot of any man who is not in an eminent degree endowed with the requisite qualification.'"

"Not like you-know-who?" murmured Jay.

"I think that, with all its faults, sir, our system would have strained out Nixon," said Hamilton grimly. "We blocked Aaron Burr, you remember." There was awkward silence for a minute at the mention of Burr. Then Jay continued, "Something odd is happening to America, I think; something the public hardly realizes. It's the politics of disunity. The 'factions' turned into parties and became a binding force, but now they are falling apart. For 14 of the past two dozen years one party has controlled Congress, the other the Executive Mansion. For the first time since Polk in 1844, Gen. Eisenhower in 1956 failed to elect a Congress of his own party in the presidential race, and then it happened again twice to Nixon."

"And now?" asked Madison.

"Every scrivener, every journalistic pundit predicts that this is the same thing that will happen to Mr. Ford if he is elected. He will face a Democratic Congress. We are the awe of other nations. How can the most powerful country on earth, they ask, achieve a coherent policy at home and abroad with the legislature controlled by one party, and the executive by another? Mr. Ford is attacking Congress already."

Observed Madison, "The US you say has now the most elaborate, complex, prolonged and expensive system of nominating candidates for the presidency in the world—are the voters concerned? Are they rallying to the polls?"

"Alas," said the other, "I find little sign of it. The percentage of voters has dropped in the last three presidential elections; each a little smaller than the last. Nixon won by a 'landslide' in 1972 but it was a landslide of absentees—50 million. While only 56 percent voted in the United States in 1972, in Canada, 72 percent voted. A preliminary sampling by Gallup suggests the alienation may be greater this year."

"Do they feel *any* concern?" asked Madison.

"Learned professors utter warnings. In 1950 a man named Herbert Agar said that separation of powers 'threatens deadlock and danger' and that somehow the nation, perhaps through stronger political parties, 'must recapture the distributed sovereignty and act like a strong centralized nation.'"

The three men in the Founders Club looked at each other and sighed. The management had erected a sign, "Bicentennial Year." It made them feel uncomfortable. Financier Alexander Hamilton was the first to stir. "I hear the Dow Jones ticker bell ringing," he exclaimed abruptly, "I wonder if it's through the 1000 mark?"

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Arms to All Men

Negotiations for a Middle East settlement seem once again to be in the offing. In fact, they have never ceased, though their informal and (relatively) leisurely pace in recent months does not meet the administration's desire for visible "momentum." But it is probably true that the cause of peace now and for some time to come is best served if informality and deliberateness prevail and the pressures for publicity and instant success are relaxed. Motion for motion's sake is never a useful stratagem. It's not the predictable oratory of Geneva or the frenzies of the Kissinger shuttle that are needed, but a more conventional and old-fashioned kind of diplomacy.

The direction of this diplomacy is suggested by recent reports that the United States and Israel have worked out, very roughly, a plan for ending "the state of war" in the Middle East. It would be negotiated simultaneously between Israel and the three states that lost territories to Israel in the Six-Day War: Syria, Jordan, Egypt. No Arab state, then, would bear the awful onus of coming to terms first. This plan calls for Israeli withdrawals to lines short of the pre-1967 boundaries in return for Arab concessions short of full recognition and a final peace. It is another version of "step by step" negotiations, and it poses familiar risks, and grave ones, especially for Israel. But the plan holds out some hope for the future and should certainly be pressed in Arab capitals. There are signs of interest in Amman and Damascus (where there is also some compensating saber-rattling), and the apparent anxiety of the Palestine Liberation Organization suggests that progress might really be possible. What especially galls the PLO leadership is its understanding that self-determination for Palestinian Arabs is more likely to be achieved in the context now envisioned than through the political legitimation of the guerrillas.

But the prospects for successful negotiations are not advanced by the administration proposal to sell arms to Egypt. The proposal itself is a cautious one, as it probably has to be in an election year, but it is obviously intended to set a precedent and to open the way for bigger sales later on. Administration officials do not even pretend otherwise. We are to buy Egypt's friendship, and its cooperation in the current negotiations, by selling it weapons of war. This seems a dubious project since we are committed to preventing the Egyptians from ever using those weapons successfully. Hence, whatever weapons we

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provide to Egypt, we must also provide to Israel—and in greater quantities and more advanced versions since Israel in a war situation faces not only Egypt, but also Syria, armed by the Russians, and Jordan, which we have been arming, and now the Saudis too, who have been purchasing weapons at an extraordinary rate, mostly from the US. (Nor should we forget that Libya, Iraq and Kuwait have ample stocks of military hardware that could be thrown into another round against Israel.) America's recent sales to Saudi Arabia, totaling more than five billion dollars—including M-60 tanks, Phantom jets, troop carriers, anti-tank missiles—suggest the absurdity of our present policy. We ourselves have turned Saudi Arabia into a "confrontation state," whose new power we must now balance by additional sales to Israel. By so bloating the Saudi arsenal, we have also opened up a potential new war front on the Gulf of Aqaba.

Inevitably, this series of sales and compensating sales will leave the Egyptians doing exactly what all our customers in the death trade do, demanding still more and better weapons, threatening to turn to the Russians, and so on. At some point, we shall have to say *no*, and then whatever friendship our arms sales have won will abruptly be lost. Surely our new ties with Egypt don't depend upon this kind of friendship. Egyptian hopes for diplomatic progress and genuine economic development are founded on the American connection, and that deeper connection will not lightly be severed. Nor are the Egyptians likely to make a quick turn back toward the Soviet Union. Russian arms do not come cheaply these days, and Sadat would probably not be willing—and might not be able—to pay the political price or the economic price, which could be losing the support of the conservative Saudi monarchy. Anyway, Egypt is by no means unarmed now or incapable of self-defense: its leaders would probably prefer the status quo to any renewed Soviet alliance. So long as that is true, no American effort to replace the Russians as Egypt's arms supplier seems necessary. Selling more arms to more Arabs involves risks that we should try to avoid.

Given Israel's isolated political position and its present dependence on America for military supply and resupply, the US can virtually guarantee the Arab states against an Israeli attack, but there is no way that we can guarantee Israel against an attack by its neighbors. The Russian commitment to Syria and the lavish arms shipments from Western states into other parts of the Arab world make the second, and what should be reciprocal, guarantee impossible. The Arabs retain the war option, and that by itself makes serious peace negotiations difficult. If we expand the option, we only make the negotiations more difficult, other avenues more tempting. We establish what might be called the necessary conditions for the failure of our own diplomacy. The Secretary of State, whose views these days seem an impenetrable mystery, may well believe that there are deep reasons for doing that; his denials notwithstanding, he may even have promised to do it during his talks with the Egyptians. He seems, after all, to have promised everything to everybody. This looks like the point where a clever foreign policy becomes too clever. Congress defaulted in not trying to keep our arms salesmen from turning the Persian Gulf and Red Sea states into dangerous armed camps; it should reassert itself now, knowing that congressional refusal to go along with another escalation in the amount of hardware available for another war would be very much in the interest of peace.

Jobs, Inflation and Liberal Politics

The stubborn loyalty of liberal leaders to their own policies, even when pathetically dated, has sorely challenged the loyalty of voters, who were or still are classified as "liberal." The public opinion polls report a swing to the right, a shift that appears to be mirrored in some of the early primary results. Actually, what seems to be a conservative resurgence, or a mindless rejection of "government," is simply popular dismay at the choices that are offered. Pollsters report not a rising enthusiasm for the Republican party but rather "a growing skepticism that traditional liberal programs really provide solutions to the nation's problems."

The unpleasant truth is that the skepticism is well founded. The evidence is most glaring in the key issue of the day, the economy. But it is also hard to miss in the important issues of crime, welfare, busing and affirmative action. The liberal response is in each instance thoroughly predictable, and just as uniformly devoid of the creative thought that festering, unsolved problems ought to warrant. True enough, Republicans give no conspicuous signs of superior wisdom or courage. Yet despite their deserved reputation for standing pat, they are currently less predictable than Democrats. Witness President Nixon's dalliance with mandatory price and wage controls (however devious may have been his motivations), his support for revenue sharing (originally a "liberal" doctrine), and his proposal, though he didn't push it, of a welfare bill materially more imaginative and effective than the one in force now. In contrast, the steadfastness of the conventional liberal position suggests an unwillingness to learn from experience, a deficiency that in animals of most species (but apparently not politicians) would be fatal.

Contemporary liberalism's incapacity to learn from experience, so alien to its historic, pragmatic mission, is most striking in its approach to the central problem of jobs and prices. The heart of that problem lies in a classical conflict: the inability of the usual fiscal and

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monetary measures to secure high employment without intolerable inflation. The result of that failure is a familiar pattern. First there is an economic recovery, typically supported by a tax reduction as is the present upswing. Second comes a period of prosperity, though never actually yielding full employment. Naturally prices rise at an ever increasing pace throughout the first two periods. Third there is a recession with extensive unemployment, deliberately induced to fight inflation. The "inducements" generally are higher taxes and interest rates. This sequence of events is so familiar that even the general public knows it. But not Democratic liberals. Or at least, if they do, they give no overt signs. Where is the leader today who confronts the paradox frankly, and proposes using the democratically conferred powers of government in a credible effort to solve it? The position of Democrats, like Republicans, is to offer the hope, after each cycle, that the next one will somehow cure itself. Instead, the swings have grown steadily wider.

If we grant the Republican party its pejorative reputation of representing the haves, but not the have-nots, its approach to economic instability makes more sense than that of Democrats, though not necessarily good sense. Recessions hurt the lower income classes bitterly; their impact on the middle class and the rich is only modest. Callously—and superficially—it may be reasoned that recessions are therefore a modest price to pay for interrupting and retarding the tides of inflation, which hurt nearly everyone more or less. The facts are incontrovertible. Unemployment during downswings is concentrated on the unskilled and the semi-skilled in general, and disproportionately on blacks. Unemployment rates among skilled workers, professionals, administrators, business people, even teachers as well as other middle class occupations, are only a small fraction of others. Moreover, although profits always drop, the declines are never as great as the publicity given to them. In the last six recessions, starting with that of 1949 and ending with 1974-75, net incomes of corporations declined by 6.7 percent, 5.4 pecent, 10.1 percent, 4.9 percent, 14.8 percent, and 5.1 percent. Not exactly disastrous. Returns from interest and rents were virtually unaffected.

The periodical crushing of the poor, of course, is not a pretty sight, even for so worthy a cause as slowing up inflation. Nor is it without impact on the rest of us. It surely contributes powerfully to crime. It is also economically wasteful. Unemployment cost the nation at least $150 billion last year. Furthermore the situation isn't static. The virulence of inflation is spreading, and not only because of OPEC and the energy crisis, but because of inevitable economic and psychological contagion. More vigorous inflations will require more unrestrained corrective recessions. The trend is already evident. Not too great a distance separates the unemployment rate of 8.9 percent reached in May 1975 from a level that would force us all, finally, to use the word depression. These are some of the broader considerations that might deter a nation, if it would and could, from sticking with the roller coaster pattern of the past.

But meanwhile, the current economic recovery is creating a psychological situation favorable to electing Gerald Ford in November. There is no guarantee that it will stay that way, of course. The ability of economists to forecast is primitive. But right now the trend of economic indices is soothingly conducive to complacency. It also seems to have sufficient momentum to carry through November and later. Partly the result of the last tax cut, incomes have in recent months advanced faster than prices. Retail sales have burgeoned. People are even buying big cars again. Business inventories, once burdensome, have been drawn down and a fresh flood of orders now engulfs manufacturers. Former economic weak spots—business investment and housing—have shown new signs of life. Output of machinery has advanced steadily since last summer, and housing permits recently jumped to 65 percent above a year ago. Employment has been rising since October, and although joblessness remains high at 7.6 percent, it is easing. The stock market, always capricious, seems safely removed from its lows of a year or so ago. In short, the economy appears to be well into the first phase of the pattern earlier described, that is, the recovery that precedes the inflationary prosperity that precedes a corrective recession.

The obvious inclination of an administration eager to succeed itself is to let nature take its course and to hope that it does so slowly. There is some inconclusive evidence that it may, and that a new inflationary takeoff will be postponed until 1977. Last year's bumper crops of grain, vegetables and other farm products have left ample supplies for at least the first half of this year, though for not much longer. Scarcer supplies are in prospect. Most of industry is still operating well below rated capacity, a conditon that might—but no guarantees!—dissuade oligopolistic industry from pushing its prices too promptly forward. While an extraordinarily large number of union contracts will be reopened in the months ahead, after a three-year lull, the bulk of their impact may be deferred until next winter or later. But that there will be a substantial impact cannot be doubted. The United Rubber Workers has already demanded a 25 percent catch-up raise *plus* an unspecified new wage increase and a cost of living formula. With respect to inflation, therefore, the nation rides a razor's edge. As the economic upswing now in progress persists, a new flare-up in prices will sooner or later be ignited, and from a present inflationary level that remains formidable despite a recent improvement over the binge of 1974-75. Ford can only hope that it will be later.

Admittedly the task of defining a credible liberal approach in opposition is not simple. Complicated

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economic issues are not meant for the hoopla of the campaign trail. But the traditional, tropistic liberal approach, the only one evident thus far, seems made to order for mass voter rejection. The more "liberal" the campaigner, the more indignantly does he call for more government spending to rescue the unemployed and the other poor. That may *sound* liberal to ears dedicated loyally to the heart-warming formulas of the past, but enthusiasm for spending is growing rarer. A substantial expansion of spending now would doubtless push the economy off its razor edge, send wages and prices skyrocketing, and usher in the next "corrective" recession, or should we say *depression*? The public seems to sense this more accurately than the official economic advisers who now serve Democratic leaders their formulas.

Where is the silver tongue and steady head able to instruct a nation and lead it into the still uncharted world of sustained prosperity? He would require eloquence as well as pedagogical skills to demonstrate that stability requires: 1) a permanent mechanism for mandatory control of wages and prices, not for continuous or universal use, but to guard against the market aggressions of concentrated business and union power whenever they appear; and 2) an ambitious, tax-financed public employment program to absorb the less skilled workers in the labor force, the two or three million who now get jobs only when the economy is excessively inflated. He would have to be an inspiring orator to convince voters that public employment can be useful, and worth their taxes, and an administrator of exceptional skills to ensure that it is. For implementing that objective would entail standards for work discipline and morale that are uncommon in the regular federal bureaucracy today. In all honesty, he would have to stress that useful public works would require federal *planning*, not simply turning money over to city governments with limited capabilities and often limited honesty for temporary, so-called "public service" jobs, as is the present practice.

A successful leader, offering a credible route to full employment without inflation, would have to be politically courageous as well as persuasive. For he would be compelled to insist that public employment programs be approximately 10 times the size of those now in effect, and permanently organized, if they are to be adequate for the task, not merely wasteful, make-work tokens. Most of all, he would have to be a teacher to demonstrate that unless the projects were tax-financed they would be inflationary, and as untenable as any other pie-in-the-sky product of campaign demagoguery. In comparison, the final obligation—to show that there are desperate, unmet needs in the public sector that must be satisfied—would be child's play. Bringing the unmet needs and the unused manpower together is a step so rational that it might seem no one could object. But, still, it requires planning, a willingness to pay taxes for value received, and excellent, hard-nosed administration to make sure the value is there.

Perhaps there is no such leader in or outside the two major parties up to the job. Perhaps if there were, he would have a plan of his own—though in any case he would have to deal with jobs, prices and wages. Right now, liberals are not *dealing* with anything. They are offering well-worn rhetoric, in ritualized cadences, in response to problems for which they know no answers.

Melville J. Ulmer

White House Watch

The China Caper

Henry Kissinger's first visit to Richard Nixon in San Clemente after Nixon quit the presidency occurred in January 1975. The visit did not surprise Kissinger's associates at the White House and the State Department. His attitude toward Nixon was and is well known to them. It is a mixture of pity, disgust with Nixon as a person, respect for much of his performance as President, and gratitude to him for raising Henry Kissinger to power and eminence first as assistant to the President for national security affairs and then as Secretary of State. The attitude has hardened somewhat since January of last year. Associates have heard Kissinger summarize it recently with the statement that he's never known another man who combined such great gifts with such a capacity for depravity and such a drive toward self-destruction.

Among the subjects discussed at the 1975 meeting were Nixon's chances of rehabilitation. Kissinger remarked that Nixon retained a degree of respect in the world at large that he had lost, at least for the time-being, in his own country. Nixon appeared to agree that the wise course for him was to remain secluded and inactive at San Clemente through 1976. Late in that year or perhaps in 1977 he might fulfill his wish, which he expressed to Kissinger with poignant fervor, to revisit some of the scenes of his foreign triumphs. The capital that he most wanted to revisit was Peking, where he and Kissinger in 1972 opened a new relationship between the US and Communist China. Mao Tse-tung had telephoned Nixon when he was in a Long Beach, California, hospital with phlebitis in the fall of 1974, after the resignation. Mao had said through an interpreter that he considered Nixon one of the greatest statesmen in history and had invited him back to China whenever he chose to come. Kissinger left San Clemente in 1975 with the impression that Nixon hoped and expected to revisit China in 1977.

Kissinger was still under that impression when and

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after he dined with Nixon at San Clemente last February 2, a Monday. Kissinger knew of and had no reason to disbelieve reports that Mao and other Chinese leaders had renewed the invitation to Nixon when his daughter Julie and her husband, David Eisenhower, visited Peking in January and were lavishly received and entertained. But the Secretary was soon saying of the February 2 meeting: "When I saw President Nixon he did not tell me that a trip by him to the People's Republic of China was imminent. He talked in very general terms of his intentions eventually to take a trip, but not that it was as imminent as it turned out to be."

This statement was occasioned by the events of Thursday, February 5. On that morning an official at the Communist Chinese liaison office in Washington telephoned Lt. Gen. Brent Scowcroft, President Ford's assistant for national security affairs, and asked for an appointment at three p.m. Scowcroft reported the request to Kissinger and Kissinger wondered aloud why the Chinese official would want to see Scowcroft rather than the Secretary of State. At the appointed hour the Chinese official handed Scowcroft the text of an announcement to be issued in Peking at eight o'clock the following morning, Washington time, stating that former President Nixon had accepted an invitation to begin a visit to Peking on February 22, the fourth anniversary of his 1972 visit. Scowcroft immediately notified Kissinger and Richard Cheney, the President's staff chief. While Scowcroft and Cheney were delivering the Chinese statement to Mr. Ford, Nixon telephoned Kissinger from San Clemente and told him about the invitation and acceptance. Nixon tried to explain, in a tone of apology, that the visit had been agreed upon within the past 36 hours. Kissinger, already informed by Scowcroft that the visit was arranged and about to be announced in Peking, saw no point in objecting to Nixon and didn't. One is told at the State Department that he concluded, silently and to himself, that Nixon lied when he said the matter had been arranged within 36 hours. Kissinger thought he knew the Peking Chinese well enough to know that they never did anything of importance that quickly. He also realized in hindsight that at the February 2 meeting Nixon had hinted without saying that a visit to China was closer than Kissinger expected.

That evening in the White House office of Jerry Jones, one of Cheney's deputies and the President's chief scheduler, a group including Jones, Press Secretary Ron Nessen and Terry O'Donnell, who handles the President's appointments, discussed the pending visit for nearly two hours. The predominant notes were rage at Nixon and apprehension that his publicized presence in Peking at the time of the New Hampshire primary on February 24 would revive and intensify memories of the Nixon pardon and be politically disastrous. Cheney and Scowcroft, calmer types than some of those in the Jones office, had appeared to an assistant who saw them just before they took the Chinese announcement into the President's office to be "ashen." David Kennerly, the President's chief photographer, burst into the Jones meeting at around nine p.m., yelling "that bastard!. . .that fucker!" and predicting political ruin for Gerald Ford. Subsequent news stories indicated that some White House reporters were foolish enough to regard Kennerly as an authoritative reflector of the President's mood. The best evidence, including Mr. Ford's later statements, is that he was annoyed and apprehensive but never as angry as some of his White House and campaign assistants were.

The most interesting aspect of the official reaction was the contrast between Kissinger's, the President's, and Press Secretary Nessen's handling of what all of them recognized to be a potentially serious problem for Mr. Ford. Kissinger struck a note of respect for Nixon and of serious desire to learn whatever might be learned about Peking attitudes as a result of the visit. He said on February 12: "President Nixon was responsible for the opening to China and I believe this to have been one of the major diplomatic initiatives of the recent period. The Chinese are undoubtedly attempting to underline the importance they attach to this relationship by their invitation." After it was reported from Peking that Nixon had spent an hour and 40 minutes with Chairman Mao and nearly eight hours with Acting Premier Hua Kuo-feng, Kissinger said and repeated that *of course* he and the State Department would want to be told whatever Nixon had been told by his hosts. When Mr. Ford was asked at a press conference on February 17 whether he was "unhappy" and whether he planned to ask Nixon to postpone the trip, he answered: "I have no such plans. Mr. Nixon is going to the People's Republic of China as a private citizen at the invitation of that government." Then and later, the President emphasized over and over that Nixon was "going as a private citizen," that the visit had no significance, and that he as President had no personal interest in hearing from Nixon after he returned. Nessen, following the President's daily and explicit instructions, suggested again and again that Nixon was just one of 10,000 private American visitors to China since 1972 and that whatever Nixon might learn would be of minimal interest to the President.

Kissinger discussed the substantial difference between his and the presidential posture with Mr. Ford and heard no objection to the proposition that the

COMING: Robert Stuart Nathan on the revolution that's overtaking the stock market

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Secretary of State simply could not pretend to the disinterest in the visit and what might be learned from it that the President found it politically necessary to display. Before the Secretary flew from Washington to Palm Springs, California, to be with his wife Nancy, who was recuperating from a stomach operation, he told the President and Gen. Scowcroft that he realized that another visit to San Clemente might embarrass Mr. Ford. Kissinger said he felt, however, that the least he could do was telephone Nixon and welcome him home. This he did on Monday, March 1. The pleasantries over, Kissinger used the same call to tell Nixon how the President's people planned to get his China story. The White House plan was to send Lt. Gen. Vernon A. Walters, deputy director of the CIA and an accomplished linguist who had been President Nixon's interpreter, to San Clemente to receive an oral report. Nixon refused to accept this arrangement. He insisted upon submitting a written report direct to the Secretary of State—not, he emphasized, "through the bureaucracy" to the State Department. Jack Brennan, Nixon's chief assistant, told me later that Nixon had decided upon this procedure during the flight home in the Chinese government plane that had taken him and Mrs. Nixon to China. Kissinger said he'd have Scowcroft telephone San Clemente and get the word direct from Nixon. Kissinger so instructed Scowcroft. Before Scowcroft could telephone he learned that William Gulley, a retired Air Force sergeant who handles White House liaison with the Nixon establishment, had received the word by telephone from San Clemente and had passed it, presumably through Richard Cheney, to Mr. Ford. Scowcroft and Kissinger understood that Nixon had telephoned Gulley. Brennan told me that he had telephoned Gulley. Scowcroft saw no need to tell Mr. Ford that Kissinger had telephoned Nixon, and didn't. Kissinger, wanting the call publicized before a mystery developed, had his executive assistant, Lawrence Eagleburger, tell columnist Jack Anderson about it when Anderson asked about something else. Anderson broadcast the news the next morning and an enormous rumpus ensued. The rumpus was as silly as practically everything else connected with the Nixon visit to China.

Note: Morton H. Halperin, a former Kissinger assistant who is suing Kissinger, Nixon and others for wiretapping his home telephone in 1969-1971, filed in federal court a deposition in which Nixon said Kissinger and not he designated Halperin and others for wiretapping. Nixon lied either in the deposition or in a letter to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, dated July 12, 1974, in which he said: " . . . I personally directed the surveillance, including wiretapping, of certain specific individuals."

John Osborne

Democrats, Delegates and Dollars

Following the Florida primary, the race for the Democratic nomination entered a new phase. It is no longer so important for a candidate to demonstrate that he appeals to voters by running a percentage point or two ahead of an opponent. The field has been narrowed and the contest for convention delegates is on in earnest. Before Florida, only 145 delegates had been chosen, and they were dispersed among a number of contenders. By April 7, the day after the Wisconsin and New York primaries, 864 delegates will have been designated—more than half the number needed to nominate the party's candidate for the presidency. It's safe to say that by then the field will be still smaller.

Progress from now on will be measured in terms of delegates won; and, at least in the short run, ability to compete has been substantially affected by dollars in the bank. From the outset, Henry Jackson and George Wallace and (for a time) Lloyd Bentsen outpaced all their competitors at fundraising. By the beginning of the year, Wallace had amassed over $5 million and Jackson more than $3.5 million. Udall and Carter each had under $1 million, and the rest of the contenders still less. Since then, receipts from federal matching funds have aggravated the disparity; Wallace has drawn $2.5 million, Jackson $1.5, Carter and Udall once again less than $1 million apiece. Bentsen, for all his cash, simply faded away. To date, no candidate has been completely paralyzed by lack of funds; each decided on the states in which to compete, budgeted his available cash and ran the most elaborate campaign he could afford. Carter went to Iowa, New Hampshire and Florida, passing over Massachusetts—or trying to appear to do that—and risking reduced momentum as a result of his fourth-place finish there. Jackson's early strategy was to raise money, bank it, watch the rest of the aspirants spend themselves into penury, then enter late. The fear that someone, somewhere—particularly Jimmy Carter in Florida—might gain so much momentum that catching up would be difficult finally pried open Jackson's vault for the Massachusetts and Florida campaigns. Udall, Fred Harris, Birch Bayh, Sargent Shriver, and, to a slightly lesser extent, Jimmy Carter invested everything they had in the early primaries. Bayh, of course, is through; Shriver has put his staff on no pay in order to afford one final effort this week in Illinois; Harris has finally accepted secret service protection, largely as a means of cutting back on his own travel and scheduling expenses.

For everyone but Jackson and Wallace, money has become the dominant factor in campaign decision-making in much more important ways. Morris Udall was so preoccupied with the early confrontations in New England, and his investment of money there was

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so complete, that he passed up some caucus states altogether, filed delegates in only three (of 24) districts in Illinois and has no delegates filed in Texas. Udall's campaign now faces a full month's hiatus; he is sidelined raising money until the Wisconsin and New York primaries April 6. Of more consequence than any other money-related decision in any campaign so far was Udall's decision to downplay New York, a modified winner-take-all primary where 271 delegates are at stake in a narrow field, in favor of an all-out effort in Wisconsin, where only 68 delegates are up for grabs; more men are running, the results are proportional but the costs are more manageable. Similarly, Fred Harris, who made extensive efforts to win an early December endorsement from the liberal New Democratic Coalition in New York and then filed slates in 32 of the state's 39 congressional districts, has decided to pass both New York and Illinois (where he has 80 delegates on the ballot) in favor of husbanding his money and concentrating on Wisconsin.

For Carter, running everywhere (or at least in more places than any other candidate) means running thin in some places. Before his Florida victory, Carter's Illinois managers faced two elections—the statewide presidential preference poll and 16 separate congressional district delegate primaries—on a total budget of $45,000. The federal spending limit for Illinois is $1,336,000. By 11 p.m. on the night of Carter's Florida primary victory, his fundraisers were telephoning every contributor in Georgia who had given $100 or more, asking for immediate additional support to help sustain his momentum. Part of the problem has been a failure by some candidates to institute internal control and audit systems to manage their cash. One candidate's own auditors so badly miscalculated their income that their budgeting for the first two primaries was based on the expectation that the Federal Elections Commission would be paying them nearly $100,000 more than they actually got. After years of defaults and settling debts for pennies on the dollar, the bill-paying records of political campaigns are so bad that about 75 percent of all services must now be paid for in advance, and Ma Bell routinely charges inflated deposits—up to $200 per instrument—for campaign phones.

Probably the most important fact relating to the economic squeeze that Democratic candidates face is the federal limitation of $1000 on individual gifts. In the past, large contributions have been important in getting campaigns off the ground, and in bailing them out later. In 1972, when George McGovern's campaign was broke and languishing 45 days before the New Hampshire primary, two wealthy donors came up with $150,000 to prop it up. Not only are contributions of that size now illegal, but of a candidate's early supporters, those who could afford to give the maximum $1000 were prevailed upon to do so very early. "Those who contributed in the $100,000 range in the past normally wrote out their own checks but never asked anyone else for money," says one veteran campaign fundraiser. "The big producers now are another category—those who give $1000 and go forth and find 10 others to do likewise." Morris Dees, the Alabamian who worked for George McGovern in 1972 and now heads up Jimmy Carter's fundraising effort, adds: "You need a network of hundreds of people asking for contributions. It has to be organized like Revlon would organize a national sales force."

Without the traditional reservoir of big money, fundraising for the large industrial primaries in March, April and May means prospecting for new money from new sources along with returning again and again to "house lists"—small givers whose contributions up to $250 qualify for a federal match. "I am back in touch with every donor on our house list every 21 days," says Dees. So, if you've already given to the candidate of your choice, you are on his "house list."

For a time it appeared that direct mail solicitations would be the best way to garner large numbers of small contributions necessary under the new federal elections law. Most, however, found it difficult to raise the half-million or so dollars needed to finance a large, early direct mailing, then commit that amount to a fundraising program with an uncertain outcome. Direct mail has been no panacea; when the time was right to mail—late in 1975—the field was crowded. No one running except George Wallace was very well known, and each candidate was aware that his pitch for money was going to the same prospective donors as every other candidate's. A problem involved in the current use of mid-primary season direct mail is the time-lag involved. By this time, success in raising money is directly related to successes in early primaries, but days or weeks are needed to design an appeal to potential givers and get it in the mail; it takes three to four weeks before even half of the proceeds come in; and another 14 days to process the contributions through the government in order to lay hands on federal matching funds. For example, Udall could ask for more money, using his strong showings in the New Hampshire and Massachusetts primaries as a pretext, but he can't expect much usable return before New York and Wisconsin five weeks later.

The new federal elections law was enacted by 535 members of Congress, men and women who as politicians might reasonably be expected to understand the problems of political fundraising. But the law was not designed with an eye on the broadest realities, particularly the timing, of its major test—the presidential nominating sweepstakes that we are now witnessing. The timetable of that contest is such that a candidate must spend large sums early to build an organization and demonstrate support, then somehow be prepared to compete in the ongoing caucuses and the large industrial state middle primaries—places like New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana

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where the combined spending totals could reach $6 million, and still save enough to be around for primaries in Ohio, New Jersey and California where 540 delegates will be chosen on June 8.

It cannot be done. Money will tell in the end. In the Democratic party, dollars have become the prime determinant of who runs where and how well. This year, dollars are just as likely to affect our political choices as they did in the days when there was no public disclosure and no public subsidies.

Ken Bode

The Soviet Communist Party Congress

by Anthony Astrachan

There were few surprises at the 25th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The speakers recorded foreign-policy triumphs, political stability and phony candor about economic difficulties that would be resolved as Soviet production overtakes capitalism. Between the lines, however, the Soviet leaders and their guests confirmed the existence of so many problems and failures that one wonders if the victories may not turn out to be as hollow as Richard Nixon's "new economic policy," his landslide re-election and "peace with honor."

The Nixon analogy appealed to some USSR watchers because Leonid Brezhnev seemed to be using foreign affairs to distract attention from domestic matters, as Nixon tried to do in television addresses while Watergate was unraveling. The General Secretary certainly devoted a greater proportion of his five-hour opening address to foreign policy than he did at the 24th Congress five years ago, spending less time and going into less detail on domestic matters. Brezhnev listed Vietnam and Angola as victories, promised support for the next Angola, praised Cuba, and acknowledged problems of varying magnitude in relations with Egypt and China that he claimed would be resolved without major changes in Soviet policy. He called détente "the way to create more favorable conditions for peaceful socialist and communist construction," which is just what its American critics complain about; this was his reply to China and to his own hawks. But Brezhnev could hardly give explicit acknowledgment to one of the major reasons for Soviet "success"—the accumulation of western mistakes from Vietnam to the tactics of détente to Angola.

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In any case, Brezhnev did not make the foreign-policy news at the Congress. The Italian and French Communist party leaders did that by bringing home to the Kremlin their refusal to adopt Moscow's views on international relations or the policies they should follow in their struggle for power in their own countries. The British, the Romanians and the Yugoslavs expressed dissent in their own ways. This kind of open disagreement makes the Russians nervous lest it infect East European Communists with doubts about Soviet hegemony. The Congress confirmed that the Soviets have lost a small but significant measure of their control over European Communism, just at the moment when the Chinese seemed to be demonstrating that the death of Chou En-lai strengthened the opponents of Moscow in Peking.

Enrico Berlinguer, the head of the Italian Communist party, told the Congress that his party was committed to a peculiarly Italian course. He made plain that this meant cooperation with parties "of different political and ideological orientations"; that the party "would guarantee respect for all individual and collective liberties"; and that it believed "the working class can and must affirm its historical function in a pluralistic and democratic system." He also hinted that the Communists would not pull Italy out of NATO. Significantly, Berlinguer used none of the quotations from Marx or Lenin that are ritual at a Kremlin Congress and omitted any mention of "proletarian internationalism," a Brezhnev catchphrase for Soviet leadership of world communism that was invented to justify the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

The French delegate, Guy Plissonier, one-upped Berlinguer by finding a citation from Lenin on the necessity for democracy "right to the end" which "for us implies the guarantee of all individual and collective

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liberties." Gordon McLennan of Britain echoed him. Nicolae Ceausescu of Romania and Stane Dolanc of Yugoslavia said nothing about personal freedoms, but they asserted the right of each Communist party to develop its own path in response to local conditions.

Some observers think the Kremlin orchestrated these speeches in a plot to win votes in western countries, after which Moscow intends to reassert hegemony. Others think the Kremlin is seriously worried that French or Italian participation in coalition governments will infect them with incurable democratic tendencies that will be contagious in the European Communist movement. Both views may be partially correct; Machiavellian intentions and well-founded paranoia need not be mutually exclusive. But the Congress left no doubt that the Soviets were unhappy with the dissident's proclamations. The heretics spoke after Brezhnev had explicitly ruled out "compromise on matters of principle, or reconciliation with views and actions contrary to the Communist ideology." Brezhnev and Berlinguer met on March 1 to paper over their differences, but the differences remained: the Soviet-Italian communiqué did not mention "proletarian internationalism," while Brezhnev used the phrase in closing the Congress debate on his report the same day, saying, "This is our policy and we will not retreat from it."

While world attention focused on the foreign policy aspects of the Congress, the domestic part revealed more about the Soviet system, including its ability to perform on the world stage. On the economic side, the leaders left many significant thing unsaid, as Soviet custom dictates. They noted, for instance, that during the period of the ninth five-year plan (1971-1975) the average annual increase in agricultural production since 1970 was 13 percent. He did not point out that it should have been 22 percent. That might have reminded someone in the Palace of Congresses that two disastrous crop years were not the only reason for the shortfall. The abysmal quality of Soviet farm management was another. Brezhnev did speak of the need for improvement in agricultural organization and management. But truly improved management might require drastic changes in the system. The Politburo decided on massive investment in agriculture rather than radical innovation back in 1965 and it's been that way ever since, despite the fact that agriculture produces the lowest return on the investment ruble of any sector of the Soviet economy. (Investment will rise 30.8 percent over the next five years, to 172 billion rubles.)

Brezhnev maintained another significant silence on one subject he was quite specific about five years ago—computers. In 1971, he called for a state-wide computer network and "large-scale manufacture of sophisticated electronic computers" during the plan period. His complete omission of the subject this year suggests that the Soviets failed to reach true mass production of third-generation computers (machines using tiny, one-chip integrated circuits equivalent to many transistors), which came into use in the United States more than 10 years ago. The plan called for the production of 12 to 15,000 large third-generation computers by 1975. Brezhnev in fact stuck to generalizations this year in everything he said about the scientific-technical revolution, suggesting that the Soviets may be falling further behind the West technologically even as their industrial production grows at a much faster rate (7.5 percent compared to the West's 1.2 percent, according to Kosygin's boast.)

Growth of Soviet industrial output will, in fact, slow down in the new plan—from 47 percent planned for the past five years, and 43 percent actually achieved, to 35-39 percent by 1980. Brezhnev said the slowdown reflected an effort "to provide for a more balanced and proportionate development of the economy" and an improvement in efficiency and quality. The latter really does depend on a shift in emphasis away from gross output. The former is a euphemism for Soviet inability to reach its targets in heavy industry and consumer goods at the same time.

The new plan returns to Soviet tradition by calling for larger growth in heavy industry than in consumer industry. The ninth plan was the first to give light industry faster growth, though even then production of consumer goods accounted for less than a quarter of national income. Brezhnev and Kosygin explicitly criticized Soviet performance on consumer goods. David Shipler of *The New York Times* reported from Moscow that the Politburo had twice rejected drafts of the new plan because they called for too little growth in the consumer sector. The Soviet source who reported this suggested that Brezhnev sincerely wants to improve consumer goods but can't get his ideas past the "steel-eaters" who still populate the middle ranks of the bureaucracy.

Brezhnev's sincerity was only one of many virtues extolled by Congress speakers. Sharaf Rashidov, the party chief of Uzbekistan and a poet, praised Brezhnev's "excessive modesty and brilliant talent," his "spiritual beauty and personal charm." Geidar Aliyev, the party chief of Azerbaidjan and a KGB man, surpassed the poet. He eulogized Brezhnev's "wisdom and principle, boundless energy and organizing talent, modesty and simplicity and selfless struggle for the triumph of Communist ideals."

Aliyev, unsurprisingly, was a beneficiary of one of the few changes that the Congress made in the Soviet leadership. He became a candidate (nonvoting) member of the Politburo. Rashidov already enjoyed that dignity. Their rank is better proof of Brezhnev's dominance than their encomia. Nobody knows how sick Brezhnev really is, but his headlined health problems clearly have not affected his preeminence in the leadership.

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Politically, stability was once more the watchword, as it has been since the overthrow of Nikita Khrushchev in 1964. The Congress added three men to the top of the party pyramid (Politburo members, candidate members, and Central Committee secretaries), removed one, and promoted two already in the tiny elite. Half of the 16 Politburo members were chosen in the past five years, but five of the nine men who ousted Khrushchev are still there. They are the most powerful of the Soviet leaders—Brezhnev, Kosygin, head of state Nikolai Podgorny, party wheelhorse Andrei Kirilenko, and ideologist Mikhail Suslov. Their average age is 71.4. The average age of the whole Politburo is over 66 and the average length of service almost nine years. All but four of the 27 men at the top started their rise up the party ladder while Stalin was still alive.

In other words, the Soviets have still not solved the problem of handing over power. The 25th Congress continued the gerontocracy and mediocracy that have long characterized Soviet rule. (Arthur Koestler defined "mediocracy" as rule by common sense plus inertia, a system in which "elite" becomes synonymous with "average" and "mediocre" with "trustworthy.") This kind of continuity probably means fewer surprises for the West to cope with, at least in the short run. It might mean an explosion in the long run, if younger men in the party become resentful over their long exclusion from the top. It is much more likely to mean that when the old leaders die, the successors they will have coopted will be just as mediocre, just as cautious, just as unable as they are to make the Soviet system function effectively.

One must speak of old leaders dying because only two men have ever retired honorably from the Politburo — Nikolai Shvernik and Anastas Mikoyan, in 1966. The others died in office, were too ill to continue, or were forced out by purges, factional struggle or the decision of the collective leadership. Four have left that way since the ouster of Khrushchev. The most recent was Dmitri Polyansky, dismissed at this Congress as the scapegoat for the failure of Soviet agriculture. But Polyansky, one of those who overthrew Khrushchev, was renamed to the Central Committee, the locus of power beneath the Politburo, and has thus far kept the job of Minister of Agriculture, to which he was demoted in 1973 from the post of first deputy prime minister. He, too, is a beneficiary of stability.

The Congress elevated two men from candidate to full membership in the Politburo. Grigory Romanov, a stripling of 53, becomes the youngest full member. He is first secretary of the Leningrad region party committee. Kremlinologists rate him highly as a potential successor to Brezhnev — but people from the Leningrad party organization, second largest in the Soviet Union, the cradle of the revolution and the power base of Grigory Zinoviev, Sergei Kirov and Andrei Zhdanov in the old days, are regarded with suspicion in Moscow. Romanov is the first Leningrader on the Politburo since Frol Kozlov retired, ill, in 1964. Romanov has a reputation for industrial efficiency that may make him a key man in Soviet economic management. He also has a reputation as a hardliner on cultural matters and the dangers of subversive foreign ideas. His elevation may therefore show Kremlin determination to keep détente in its place.

So may the promotion of Dmitri Ustinov from candidate to full Politburo membership. Ustinov, 67, has been a Central Committee secretary since 1965 and remains one. He is the man who runs the Soviet defense industry, the incarnation of the military-industrial complex. (Marshal Andrei Grechko, a Politburo member and Defense Minister, has more in common with the US Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff than the Secretary of Defense.) Ustinov's elevation, which some observers expected years ago, presumably strengthens the hawk vote in the Politburo.

The three men who were added to the leadership were Aliyev, who took over the trans-Caucasian seat that had been held by Vasily Mzhavanadze of Georgia until he was ousted for graft in 1972, and two new Central Committee secretaries. One was Mikhail Zimyanin, the editor of *Pravda*, who is expected to be responsible for culture. The other new secretary was Konstantin Chernenko, an *apparatchik* whose functions have been compared to those of the head of the General Services Administration in the US.

The Central Committee was enlarged from 241 to 287 full members, while candidate members dropped from 155 to 139. Zimyanin was one of five journalists who became members for the first time. Among other newcomers were four bureaucrats who head consumer goods ministries. The number of women members rose from six to eight of the 287 — the definitive comment on Soviet claims to have ended sex discrimination.

Two other points of the Congress proceedings were significant. One was the acknowledgment that the more than 100 Soviet "nationalities" constitute a potentially explosive problem, an acknowledgment made by denying it. Karen Demirchyan, the party leader of Armenia, for example, made no mention of his republic's own culture, which is one of the most ancient in the Soviet Union and one that brought Western civilization east of the Black Sea. Instead he said, "We owe all our economic, scientific and cultural achievements to the assistance of the Great Russian people and the CPSU." Dinmukhamed Kunayev of Kazakhstan in central Asia gave a recital of progress in his republic and said, "All this is a result of cooperation among all the Soviet peoples with the Great Russian people at the head." This kind of Uncle Tomming can only be a reply to militant noises that have been heard in the republics but not at the Congress.

Vladimir Shcherbitsky of the Ukraine warned

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against infiltration of Communist parties by "nationalistic and other views alien to the ideology of the working class." If a Russian had said that, it would have been a reply to Berlinguer and Plissonier. In Shcherbitsky's mouth, it is also a warning to Ukrainian nationalists (who like to point out that an independent Ukraine would be the second largest country in Europe after the Soviet Union.) Dzhabar Rasulov, the party chief of Tadjikistan on the Chinese border, found it necessary to say that the Maoists' "absolutely unfounded territorial claims to the Soviet Union and other neighbor states are futile and meet with the wrath and indignation of the Soviet people." The wrath suggests that Chinese racial propaganda has found sympathetic Tadjik ears.

The remaining significant point was Brezhnev's total silence on Stalin. At the 24th Congress, he devoted a passage of his report to the importance of maintaining the status quo on Stalinism. He ruled out both attempts to whitewash Stalin and efforts to revive Khrushchev's de-Stalinization. This year, he did not utter a single word on the question. The leaders who rose under Stalin and then discarded his methods of terror without atoning for their own complicity were determined to lay his ghost—exactly 20 years after Khruschev's secret speech at the 20th Party Congress revealed Stalin's crimes. They have probably succeeded. Yevgeny Yevtushenko, cautious and opportunist though he is, reported in sorrow two years ago that today's Soviet youth has no idea how Stalin governed, how many millions he killed, and what he did to the Soviet system during his thirty years of terror.

America's Repressive Ally

Torture in Chile

by Rose Styron

It has been almost two years since I visited Santiago and talked with the kin of men, women and children who had been shot, had disappeared, were dying incommunicado or being physically and mentally destroyed in the stadiums, barracks, schools, mines, ships, hospitals, resorts and outposts that had been turned into detention centers, into houses of torture. Dawson Island, Chacobuco, Tejas Verdes, Quiriquina Island, The House of Bells, Lebu were the names I heard most often then. Scarcely a day has passed since I returned that I have not received a letter or call to augment my consciousness of the horror. Villa Grimaldi, Cuatro Alamos, Ritoque, Puchuncavi figure in more communiqués now. Scores of new documents concerning Chile are on my desk. They range from unanswered writs of habeas corpus, from manuscripts on genocide and nazism, the Chile Committee for Human Rights' excellent, dispassionate *Repression in Chile*, to a register of junta criminals that details the deadly acts and responsibilities of 40 Pinochet appointees. (Sample: "Rodriguez, Christian; Lawyer. Murder and torture of General Alberto Bachelet. Santiago." Sample: "Vidal, Luis; Lieutenant. Torture and assault with bodily injury of José Flores, 14 years of age, and other children in arrest. Concepción.") There is Oriana Sanchez's heartbreaking account of following her daughter from one detention center to another, watching her slowly die under torture.

In addition, there are tapes of interviews with survivors of Chile's prisons: artist Gilberto Nuñez, safe in Paris after ordeals resulting from an exhibition of his work opened by the French embassy in Santiago; premed student Pedro Huertas Tapia, who became Chile's first refugee accepted in the US under the 1975 parole program, former parliamentarian Laura Allende, the president's youngest sister, witness to the cruel abuse of women and teen-agers and little girls in the prison where she and her daughter were held, and former rector of the Technical University of Chile Enrique Kirberg, who was welcomed in a moving ceremony in Stamford, Connecticut on Human Rights Day by the Amnesty International group that had worked for two years for his release. Gentleness, not anger, was the tone of each. Each had come to understand that Pinochet's commander-in-chief was Fear. Not only were the poor and the hunted and the sensitive subject to the dictates of fear, but also those who had backed the general or worked for him now—the jailers, the police, the soldiers, the new mayors, the new military

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directors of factories and hospitals and schools, the once-smug members of Patria y Libertad, a Ku Klux Klan-type organization (also frequently compared to the elite Nazi youth) originally financed and encouraged by the CIA.

There is also on my desk a list of men, aged 16 to 76, imprisoned in Tres Alamos today. It includes the history of their maltreatment and a detailed description of places of their torture: La Discoteque, a house on 257 Iran Street in Nunoa; Villa Grimaldi, an estate that in the past six months has become the key torture center and from which many prisoners of both sexes have disappeared; Tejas Verdes, where for more than two years men and women have been held incommunicado, tortured and killed. The first letter smuggled out to me in Santiago was from a very young man in Tejas Verdes.

Of the 5000 to 8000 Chilean citizens classed as political prisoners today, the majority of them students and workers under 26, many have been guaranteed release if the United States and other nations would give them permanent residence and pay their way out. Other countries have taken upwards of 10,000 Chileans as refugees already. Last June Attorney General Levi signed a long-contested agreement that would permit 400 prisoners and their families to come to the US directly from prison. An immigration officer and a State Department official went from Washington to Santiago in July. With a Chilean who was attached to the US embassy there, they traveled to the camps to interview prisoners whose documented cases they had received from human rights organizations and prominent Americans and Chileans-in-exile. In July they interviewed at least 40 non-Communists in Tres Alamos who wanted to come to America. Working with the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration (ICEM) more than 100 cases were processed, but by October not a single Chilean refugee had been accepted under the program. (Thousands of Vietnamese have been brought in, settled, launched.) Then in mid-October Edward Kennedy took the matter up on the floor of the Senate mentioning Chile's prize-winning boy scout, Pedro Huertas Tapi, who had once lived in California, a 20-year-old with no political connections or charges against him. Pedro had survived the torture that threatens every prisoner but was wasting away in Tres Alamos. Wasn't he qualified to come? The day after Kennedy's speech, Pedro was taken from prison and put on a plane to California.

I had gone out to see him, asking him about his return to Chile in 1972, following a year spent with a family in Mill Valley under a program called "Beautiful Cities Exchange." Pedro was from Viña del Mar, a coastal resort distinguished then by the president's summer house, now by the detention center called Ritoque. A slight, fair, shy young man with fine classic features and a quick smile, he told me the following: most students then were involved in politics at a grass roots level—community centers, student and faculty groups—and they were strong Allende supporters. After the coup Pedro decided to concentrate only on medical studies; he was neither an activist nor a Marxist, and he knew none of the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR) leaders. Yet after MIR leader Miguel Henriquez was killed and Carmen Castillo was shot, he was kidnapped from the apartment where he lived alone, at three a.m. on November 18, 1974, because some unidentified neighbor had denounced him to the police. He was bound and blindfolded and taken to the torture center he later learned was Villa Grimaldi. The guards told him he was a revolutionary and demanded to know where his guns were hidden. They put him in a closet-sized cell and interrogated him for two weeks. He was hooded all the time, his hands shackled. After three days of sensory deprivation he began to lose his sense of direction, of up and down, and after a longer spell of malnourishment, his sense of balance—physical and emotional—as well. He was then moved to a larger cell with four cots, where, still hooded, he could talk to fellow inmates; one was always an informer, or a listener was posted by the door. For 45 days Pedro was subjected to a range of tortures standard in places like Chile, Uruguay and Brazil, from intensive electroshock to the wet and dry "submarines." In the wet submarine the bound victim is held upside down, totally immersed in a nameless liquid or excrement, to the brink of drowning. In the dry, a plastic bag is tied over the head and when the victim is near suffocation, ready to speak, he raises a finger to his tormentor. Accidental deaths via submarine are legion. Also standard are the mock executions complete with gunfire and threats to mutilate and kill one's family. Often Pedro, with constant nosebleeds, was so weak he fainted and thought himself dying; beaten, blindfolded and tied like a child, at the mercy of psychotic guards, he felt no relation to the real world, was certain no one knew or cared about him. He still has nightmares and nosebleeds, trouble with his ears and memory, and feels displaced. From there Pedro was taken to Cuatro Alamos, where, incommunicado, one's physical state is superficially repaired for eventual viewing by a judge or outside visitors. After 10 days, he was transferred from Cuatro to Tres Alamos, out of the direct hands of the Direccion de Inteligencia Nacional (DINA), Chile's Gestapo. He could receive visits and get in touch with the Red Cross and the Committee for Peace. With public light on him, he felt he would not be killed. The Red Cross conducted limited questioning and agreed to take a message to Pedro's family. The Committee sent a lawyer, Ambassador Orlando Letelier's sister Fabiola, to defend him. But Pedro never came to trial. After three months in Chocobuco, Pedro was taken to Ritoque, a detention center run by the air force.

In the three months since Pedro Huertas' arrival dispelled our conviction that the administration's

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parole program was a sham (letters from Chileans with relatives here had painted a picture of utter confusion and/or deception in pertinent Santiago offices) nine more refugees have arrived with their families.

The State Department says that of 300 cases submitted by the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration (ICEM) to our embassy, 217 were considered active in January and 61 were recommended by the Department for approval. What happened between 300 and 217, between 217 and 61? Since mid-January the Attorney General and Gen. Chapman of the Immigration Service have approved the expanding of the parole program to include a few of those who have been released from prison but wait in Santiago justly fearing rearrest.

Others fear death if their releases are delayed, dying from too much electroshock and too many beatings, as did 27-year-old Luis Alberto Corvalon (whom I saw alive and spirited in Mexico last March, released after eleven months of daily electroshock), of a premature heart attack, and Roseta Marinetti, who died on a Mexican operating table, her insides destroyed, the wires still in her vagina. (A friend who came to Mexico with her told of having been hung upside down by the heels for three days). They fear hemorrhaging to death after peculiar drug injections, as have a number of young prisoners from the *poblaciones*, the poor neighborhoods around Santiago. There were 180 young citizens arrested recently in the La Pincoya poblacion. One can only guess their plight today.

Human rights organizations and Chile solidarity groups around the world worked with enormous dedication in 1975 to expose the junta, to embarrass Gen. Pinochet into freeing victims. "Hearings" have been held in Stockholm, Helsinki, Rome, Mexico City and Athens, and reports of their commissions have led a number of responsible European governments to cut political and economic ties with Chile. The United Nations spent months sifting complaints and listening to the testimony of survivors, and they organized a politically-balanced commission that left for Chile in early summer, with prior assurances of cooperation from Pinochet. The commission was turned back at the airport. Pinochet had changed his mind: it was not a good time to come. The UN, furious, unanimously decided to publish a full and damaging report. By Thanksgiving it had pushed through a vote to condemn Chile for its violation of rights, 95-11, with 23 abstentions. Unlike the prior resolution which had gone 44-0 with the US and Chile abstaining, this resolve seemed to have both teeth and US support. In an indication of larger awareness, Secretary of State Kissinger suggested setting up a committee to study the nature and extent of torture in the world; and then-UN Ambassador Moynihan asked for amnesty for political prisoners everywhere. It remains for the US to implement these welcome freshly-sounded policies, and to see to it that 1975's Helsinki accords, which renew the spirit and letter of the 27-year-old Declaration of Human Rights, not be sidetracked by the temptations of détente, oil, power. Meanwhile, in Washington, Vietnam and Watergate past, Congress has shown its goodwill: it conducted a full-scale investigation of the CIA abroad, and recommended strong curbs on future activity. It passed Sen. Kennedy's bills to continue the cut-off of military aid to Chile and to put a $90 million ceiling on all other aid to Chile in 1976 (a far higher figure than the senator meant, but President Ford had committed that much and had planned the spending of many millions more). It passed the McGovern-Abourezk amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, promising to deny aid to any country it decreed was violating human rights systematically. Sen. Jackson held hearings on the international freedom to write and publish.

On January 5th *The Christian Science Monitor* reported what may be the first crack in the junta façade: 10 senior generals, led by air force chief Gustavo Leigh, credited with being the brains behind the September 1973 coup, handed Pinochet an ultimatum demanding immediate and radical party changes, or resignation. They also asked for the dissolution of the DINA, reforms to save the economy from total collapse, and measures to improve the ugly image of Chile overseas. The wife of a general who exiled herself to Sweden gave out the story. Gen. Arellano Stark, the junta's military hero with a reputation for ruthlessness, "resigned, over policy differences." Like Minister of Interior Oscar Bonilla, the most accessible of Pinochet's cabinet until he was killed in a helicopter crash last spring, Stark had been an aide-de-camp to former President Frei. On January 19 *The New York Times* reported that Frei, who had refrained from speaking out after the coup, was publishing a booklet denouncing the junta for its violations of human rights. It was Frei the US subtly financed to defeat Allende a decade ago. Does he divine a new wind from Washington, blowing his way? This time we hope so.

Such signs have not visibly affected Augusto Pinochet. No voice he's heard has persuaded him to moderate his program of relentless repression. Two-and-a-half years after the coup there is still no civilian law, no right of assembly, no labor union, no school without a military director of a military-directed curriculum. Nearly 100,000 people have been arrested since 1973. The great majority have never been sentenced or even tried.

On June 20, 1975, Chile's dictator declared, "There will be no elections in Chile in my lifetime nor in the lifetime of my successor." The World Bank has just floated a loan of $30 million to the junta to facilitate its copper mines. When bank president Robert McNamara was asked by a delegation from church and human rights groups to postpone the loan, he said that the bank's only consideration was economic.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Surprises

One of Bernard Shaw's *Unpleasant Plays* provides a pleasant surprise. Joseph Papp's production of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (Beaumont) is very unevenly cast but is nonetheless something of a treat.

The author tells us that the play, written in 1894, was intended to force home the truth that prostitution is caused by capitalist abuse of working women, "not by female depravity and male licentiousness." Everyone knows that the play was a scandal when first produced and is utterly unscandalous today. But the play is in fact helped by the fading of the scandal, even of the thesis. (Conditions for working women, for all workers, are now paradise compared with what they were then.) *Mrs. Warren's Profession* now stands on its own, so to speak, as a work of some art and continuing life.

This in spite of the casting of Ruth Gordon in the title role. Gordon, born in 1896, a theater star since the 1920s (best-known in films as the witch in *Rosemary's Baby*), would never have been right for Mrs. Warren even when she was young enough to play this woman "between 40 and 50." She never had the requisite sexual aura. More, she has never really been an authentic actress, only an increasingly accomplished trickster. But given that Papp has his (imperceptible) reasons for casting her in the part, give Gordon too some credit for her tricks. Her mannerisms are as annoying as ever—the sidewise hitching, the drawling blend of Massachusetts and Manhattan accents—but she knows how to get and keep attention. See the way she tosses a biscuit in the air with the last line of Act One; hear the way she drops her voice at key moments to make you listen harder. It's the George Arliss school, alive and fairly flourishing.

The production is righted because the leading role is Vivie, her daughter, and Lynn Redgrave is fine. Her accent is too coarse for the education she is said to have received, but she plays with clarity and strength. Edward Herrmann is delightful as the affectionate idler, Frank Gardner. From his film appearances, even such a good one as the homespun mechanic in *The Great Waldo Pepper*, I would never have expected this high-comedy finish. Ron Randell is most appealing as the kindly old esthete Praed. Philip Bosco is very welcome back to the Beaumont (or anywhere else), but this likable man has a hard time making the libertine Crofts as urbanely detestable as he should be. Milo O'Shea is much too Irish and broad for Frank's father, the social-climbing clergyman.

Yet the strengths of this spotty cast have been enough for the director, Gerald Freedman. I haven't been a devotee of his, but here he has at least had the sense to (in a way) simply stand aside and release the Shavian dynamics, the Mozartian energy that drives not only through the structure of scene and act and play but of every line. Freedman shows some response to the process by which, in Shaw, electrons make atoms that make cells that make the body.

Some of the dramaturgy, the sheer traffic management, is much less adroit than in later Shaw; and Mrs. Warren herself thins out a bit at the end into a mere Mom instead of a Force-Who-Is-Also-a-Mom. But in intellectual terms it's wonderful to see how Shaw, as against his later and more complex plays, makes a full work of one theme by ringing all the possible harmonics in it. And that fact connects with this play's continuing vitality as an artwork: it gives us a set of late-Victorian attitudes around a central issue, but each of those attitudes is embodied in a person of at least some interest. Now the play centers on the tensions between them as human beings: the issue is now simply the catalyst for continuingly relevant relations in interesting people.

For a chief instance of Shaw's art here, look at Vivie. One of the lesser theatrical tractarians of the time might have made her a "normal", romantically inclined girl who is hardened by the discovery that her mother has been and is a successful madam. Shaw *begins* Vivie as a vigorous H.G. Wellsian New Woman. She feels only sympathy and admiration when she discovers what her mother has done; but she steels herself against her mother when she learns that the brothel-keeping still goes on. The difference between these two reactions implies some hypocrisy in Vivie (everything would have been all right if the whoring were over) which deepens her humanness; and her resolve for independence at the end shows her, in her own way, to be her mother's daughter. Her moment of recognition makes her more clear-sightedly what she was at the start, instead of converting her into something else—a mode of dramatic daring that Shaw learned, and learned well, from Ibsen.

About the settings: David Mitchell designed four good realistic ones, as he did earlier this season for *Trelawny of the 'Wells'*. This made me realize that there is now only one theater in New York doing plays that require four full sets, the subsidized Beaumont.

An unpleasant surprise. I went to Jules Feiffer's new comedy *Knock Knock* off-Broadway some weeks ago and, for the first time at a Feiffer work, was pretty thoroughly bored. I was *not* surprised that it got rave reviews, hailing it for what it claims to do rather than what it does. Now the same production has moved uptown (Biltmore) where I saw it again and where the added glare of Broadway shines behind it to show the seemingly delicate fabric as the merest cheesecloth.

Two middle-aged Jewish men live in a house in the woods—an Odd Couple gone pastoral. One is a philosophical materialist, the other a romantic. By rubbing a lamp they've had around the house, one of them gets three wishes—

Films Worth Seeing

All Screwed Up. Modern Milan. Lina Wertmüller's exuberance freshens (a bit too forcefully) the old theme of young people arriving in the big city.

Dog Day Afternoon. This factual script about a homosexual bank robber slides away at the end, but Al Pacino does very well.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous in this dubious allegory set in a mental hospital.

Seven Beauties. Wertmüller again—a tragic farce about a Neapolitan in WW II. Trite touches, blatant touches, but a strong central idea strongly articulated.

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and gets the genie with it, who appears in various guises. One of the results—I think it's a result—is the arrival of Joan of Arc, complete with (comic) voices and armor and banner and sword. She wants the men to accompany her on a mission to the "emperor." Eventually there is a predictable switch in the viewpoints of the two men, with Joan stripped of her Joan-ness and made a household drudge.

All this is sustained, which is not the right word, by a lot of stage business and mechanical devices: much cooking and eating, cascades of steam to cover magical appearances and breakaway walls and the levitation of Joan at the end. This stuff is used instead of imagination and wit, just as Feiffer quotes old jokes when his flabby gags and word-play falter. (At both performances I saw, the biggest laughs came from the old jokes.) Two moments were funny: a parody of a movie-tough-guy card game and a stream of platitudes from Joan as she rises at the end.

There isn't any genuine point; there is just a series of *ad hoc* points, of excuses. There aren't even the true high spirits to make it a consistently entertaining improvisation (in effect). A few years ago Feiffer published a mild sketch called *Cohn of Arc* in the *Partisan Review*. Its mode was incongruency. Here he has just pumped and strained to make the incongruencies go on long enough to pad the sketch into an evening. It's the currently successful Mel Brooks-Woody Allen method of grab-bag comedy: absolutely anything goes if you think it will get some laughs and if the budget will permit it. Feiffer used only four actors and one set; with another $100,000 his play could have been twice as long or anyway twice as complicated.

What I got of any consequence from the play was probably unintentional. It seemed to me that the author of *Little Murders* and *Carnal Knowledge*, sick of urban stew and sexual fray, had fantasized about living cozily off in the woods with an old crony, visited asexually by an asexual girl.

Neil Flanagan, as one of the pair, imitates one sort of Jewish inflection quite well. The other three actors are not adequate. Marshall W. Mason of the Circle Repertory Company, which originated the production, has directed with unfailing awkwardness and small feeling for pace. Comically cluttered sets are always easy for designers, still John Lee Beatty did this one well.

Familiar Faces

The Caricature of David Levine

In times of political demoralization, caricature flourishes. It seems only fitting, then, that David Levine's gift for the visual barb should have emerged in the '60s. For a host of political caricaturists, Vietnam, Watergate, Nixon, Kissinger, student unrest, the drug culture, and the new morality resuscitated their métier. For Levine, there was one additional generative element—the creation of *The New York Review of Books* during the 1963 newspaper strike in New York. With the *Review*, Levine's talent had met its opportunity. For though Levine could turn Lyndon Johnson's tears into crocodiles and his abdominal scar into a map of Vietnam, his interests as a caricaturist extended beyond politics, into literature and the arts. For an artist of Levine's breadth, the *Review* was, and is, an ideal stimulus.

The occasion for this acknowledgment of the range of Levine's talent is an exhibition currently (through June 6) at the Smithsonian's Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, and scheduled to travel the country throughout the coming year. Titled "Artists, Authors, and Others: Drawings by David Levine," the exhibition consists entirely of Levine's images of cultural figures. It is a show not without its ironies. Levine considers his major work to be his paintings, representational portraits of garment workers and Coney Island bathers that have been called retardataire by most of the critical community. The caricatures were an afterthought, a hobby that by chance evolved into a career. Levine soon found that his reverence for tradition, considered so unfortunate in his paintings, was lauded in the caricatures. Their conventions—

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the huge head on the tiny body, the animal imagery, the facial distortions—are drawn from the vocabulary of 19th century caricature. Sometimes the borrowing is explicit. A drawing of Aubrey Beardsley in the current exhibition takes its long, limp wrists from a 1896 Max Beerbohm caricature of the same subject. Generally, the references are more subtle, but in the format, drawing and tone of Levine's caricatures, Tenniel, Nast, Daumier and Hogarth can all be perceived.

Irony can also be found in Levine's content. Many of the superstars of present critical judgment are Levine's favorite targets. In a recent conversation, Levine discussed the motivation behind some of his more virulent images. The fieriest caricature in the show is a drawing of Jackson Pollock, back to his audience, head turned round, face in his mythic macho glare, his life mingling with his art in a way that Harold Rosenberg never envisioned. For Levine, this image is retribution for what Pollock "gets away with in painting. An enormous mystique has been built by others around the subjective forms of modern painting, forms that offer no clear communication . . . Nobody had to take a course to understand Rembrandt."

De Kooning comes off better. Tied to a vibrating machine, the grand old master of abstract expressionism stares out with the gentleness that is part of his personality, if not his art. What saves de Kooning from a caricature akin to Pollock's? "I think he is a better painter than Pollock. I think that there is a lot going on with de Kooning. But I think he has a problem with women."

Andy Warhol's problems are bigger. Levine has transformed the superstar of Pop into a hybrid of a pig and Alfred E. Neuman of *Mad* magazine fame. The caricature is different from most of Levine's images, smaller in scale, the figure dwarfed by the expanse of white paper on which it rests. "I made him small, placing him on the bottom of the page, because I was saying that he is insignificant. I think Warhol actually produces an idiot image. I watched him one night on a talk show where he wouldn't talk. I think taking photographs of anyone wanting a portrait, and turning out multiple photos of cows are put-ons accepted by this driven, crazy art world because of the feeling that no matter what the artist produces they'll have an opening and everyone will have a ball. I don't think Warhol puts as much quality into his art as he did into his window-dressing. I saw some of his early window displays, and they were clever. There, the silly game was more applicable. He did silver cut-outs of Victorian shoes, and it looked fine. But the game he has played since then is just nothing."

Obviously, Levine's sympathies reside with writer and fellow caricaturist Tom Wolfe, whose recent book *The Painted Word* lacerated the art establishment. "Tom produced a marvelous parody, and the up-tightness of the field is such that they couldn't see that he had produced a caricature. They took it as a straight critical essay that was to be questioned in fact and figure . . ."

Jackson Pollock

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Like all significant caricatures, Levine's central target is demagoguery, whether in politics or the arts. He is best when he's angry, and it is always easy for an old socialist to get his anger up about the people in power.

"It's fun to tilt at somebody like Picasso. There is a little titilation in that you know that the whole world is just ga-ga about this man, and they haven't had a critical thought about him since the first day . . . When he was alive, people gushed over him, and there was never a painting referred to as such—it was always 'a Picasso,' which meant the blessing was on it. An enormous industry was built on this—books, curatorial careers, museums—I mean the whole Musuem of Modern Art lived off every time they showed something by Picasso. So with all of that it got to be fun to let people know that all wasn't sacred in the holy house."

Levine applies the same suspicions to politics. "Each time there is a new liberal youngster running, somebody with a shock of hair, a little friendlier kind of PR people rush into his arms. Or they begin to look back at some monster who wasn't able to get into power as being really rather nice because he never got to power. For instance, they think they're all in love with Humphrey again. He had power of a small kind, but he really couldn't let loose the things he would have done. So there is enough material for me still to be very questioning, and I think it is my role to be questioning. This is a nice thing that has happened since the Vietnam war—some political cartoonists like Oliphant . . . have really gotten the idea that they should be critics, and not use their work *for* something, because there is plenty going for most of these people, and there is very little that is critical."

No matter how critical Levine may be of the political and cultural power structures, his work is never savage. Unlike the work of Edward Sorel, it is not chilling. Nor does it possess Jules Feiffer's black humor. Levine's work even in its most strident attacks, is always a pleasing visual experience. He does not search for the weakest aspect of a face or body. Levine likes faces. He enjoys the manipulation of features, and the experimentation with forms that caricature permits. Even in his wildest distortions, there is something attractive about the combination of shapes and forms. Levine's personal pleasure in the act of drawing is evident. Always rich and full blown, his line has none of the terse angularity that makes most caricature jarring. There is a meaningful interplay between flat passages and sculpturesque forms, causing salient features to leap forward into high relief. In his best work, Levine achieves a tonal variety that actually colors the image. Garry Trudeau may bring his "Doonesbury" crew alive with the

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Willem de Kooning

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thinnest of technical means, but for Levine the realization of the drawing takes primacy over all.

Working from photographs, Levine approaches his figures in three basic ways. Often the caricature is a straightforward variation on a subject's face, juggling its lines and features into new, though still accurate, relationships. Just as frequently, Levine will marry facial distortions to animal imagery. For an aging coquette like Colette, for example, a kitten seems perfectly appropriate. The strongest works are those that meld visual qualities with a strong conception. Levine has an amazing knack for suiting accessory to subject. In a way that is more than superficially humorous, Levine can place his figure in a context that implies a profound knowledge of the history and criticism centered around his subject. In his offhand way, Levine dismisses any consideration of profundity, denying any special research for his caricatures. He claims that his reading "still goes mainly to tennis manuals and art history," and that it is the intellectual insecurities of his audience that add the extra dimension of meaning to his work. "We live in a period in which obscure ideas become mistaken for clever, insightful play on ambiguities . . . Where I make a reference that does not come through in a clear, understandable way, the authority of its appearing in the press, even to intellectuals, creates the feeling, 'Well, I'll have to study up and find out why I don't understand it.' "

Whether he chooses to admit it or not, the success of Levine's work is more than pure luck. His caricatures please even their subjects. Attorney General Levi, for example, recently tried to acquire a drawing that Levine made during his confirmation proceedings. When Levine asked for his FBI dossier in return for the work, the exchange never came off. Generally, however, such setbacks are rare. With an assurance justified by his prodigious talent, Levine continues to turn out his menagerie of homo sapiens.

Mary Ann Tighe

Mary Ann Tighe is producer/writer of the "Art America"television series.

Books Considered

The Cultural Contradictions Of Capitalism by Daniel Bell

(Basic Books; $12.95)

There is a long tradition of moralist professors at Harvard that goes back to the Puritan fathers. In the last half century, the role has been assumed by a diversity of teachers. During the '20s and the '30s when Irving Babbitt was in his heyday, he preached with vigor to large assemblages on the evils of romanticism, putting the finger on Jean-Jacques Rousseau as the source of all that was pernicious in modern culture—subjectivism, unrestrained individualism, the rule of instinct over reason, the total absence of an inner check or limits or decorum or balanced human values, the quest for kicks. He was a secular humanist who interpreted literature as a sign of the degeneration of the age, and identified all the ills of this world as consequences of the romantic gospel. Among his auditors were nascent Marxists who thought the miseries with which they were confronted were related to capitalism. They listened to Irving Babbitt and smirked.

Then sociology came to the university and the age of the grand system-makers dawned. Among them was a Russian émigré named Pitirim Sorokin, who wrote a voluminous treatise about the oscillation between ideational and sensate culture-systems as a continuing phenomenon in the West. The work, decorated with a mammoth apparatus of quantified evidence, had a plain moral: We had gone about as far as we could go in Kansas City in pursuit of the fleshpots; we were approaching the end of a sensate period and entering upon a new ideational one of a spiritual character.

And now in 1976 a new prophet has been born at Harvard to bear witness to the moral corruption of contemporary culture. Irving Babbitt's romanticism has been replaced by Daniel Bell's cult of modernity as the devil and a new triad has been introduced to explain the historical process—pre-industrial, in-

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dustrial, and post-industrial societies.

Bell's theory, expounded with the freshness of an open-eyed discoverer of Max Weber, starts with the assumption that the Protestant ethic was the initial spirit of capitalism. The detailed factual studies on the history of early capitalist development that have been gathered since Weber and have laid bare the simplicities of his proposition are not alluded to in passing. In Bell's version, once upon a time there was a Puritan capitalist who believed he would be "saved" theologically if he accumulated much and spent little. But this Puritanical capitalist spirit turned sweet: instead of reinforcing continence it somehow led to an expansive, aggressive society of mindless producers and above all insatiable consumers of goods. The betrayal of the pristine capitalist spirit engendered all manner of contradictions. The sorcerer's apprentice had set a consumer society into motion and frenetic novelty-seeking became the mainstay of capitalism. Do you, my children, want to know why the Protestant ethic was undermined? Bell tells you: "The greatest single engine in the destruction of the Protestant ethic was the invention of the installment plan, or instant credit." On the cultural level, innovate or perish was the new dictum of the order. The tempo of change accelerated to such a degree that the cultural values of the past were abandoned. Modernity became a self-defeating goal.

What is to be done, as Chernyshevsky and Comrade Lenin would have said? There is nothing for it but to look for a restoration of human values through the rebirth of spirituality. And how does one come by that commodity? Religion, we are informed, is best at the establishment of spiritual ends that involve the emancipation of man from gluttony, sexuality, egotism and sundry other vices (though not self-righteousness). Bell acknowledges, however, that such things as religions take centuries to mature, and the moralist sociologist must provide an instant remedy for the disease that is devouring us.

The remedy is to awaken the spirit of the *civitas* (it sounds better in Latin), though not to formulate any dogmatic philosophical moral principles—that could not be countenanced by the author of a book on the end of ideology. One must achieve an awareness of society as a *public household*. Anyone who advertised aspirin or an orgone box as a cure for cancer would run afoul of the law; much sociological prescription is free and unconstrained.

If men only turn to the creation of a fiscal sociology and adopt the concept of society as a public household, this will serve as an underpinning for religion. The rebirth of a sense of the sacred cannot then be too far behind.

The middle part of the book—in most respects the best section—brings up to date reflections about the disjunctions of culture discourse and vividly describes the sensibility of the 1960s, albeit with a New Yorkish parochialism that neglects great artists and the magnificence of pure science. For Bell, the moral crisis of the times is mirrored primarily in the art of the '60s, and with Hilton Kramer and Harold Rosenberg as guides we are led through a chamber of horrors.

In some measure I share Bell's view of the dismal reality portrayed. Who among us does not constantly ask himself the question: "Where do we go from here?" Will we sink ever more deeply into the dregs of Romulus or is there a bright light shining on the horizon? But while one may join Bell in his jaundiced estimate of the present culture, there is no reason other than pentecostal faith to follow him into that blue heaven with its bit of warmed-over Sorokin, and the later Toynbee—the rebirth of the transcendental. How hollow are the consolations of sociology: "Despite the shambles of modern culture, some religious answer surely will be forthcoming. . ." I fear that there are depths of degradation still awaiting us, and in any event as a prodromus of a Second Coming Bell lacks the proper apocalyptic spirit.

The nomenclature of the work is rather murky. I never learned what the author means by capitalism—his is not the same as Marx's, that is clear—or whether it will survive the *public household*. His usage of "contradiction" and "the dialectical" is either a takeoff on Marx-Hegel or derived from some private language of his own. "Modern" is really baffling; it can signify anything from the Renaissance to the post-modern, which started sometime or other.

Culture does get defined. For the "meaning of culture" the reader can open to page 36, where he is enlightened by a series of dubious platitudes that capture the aromatic essence of the work. "Historically, most cultures and social structures have exhibited unity,

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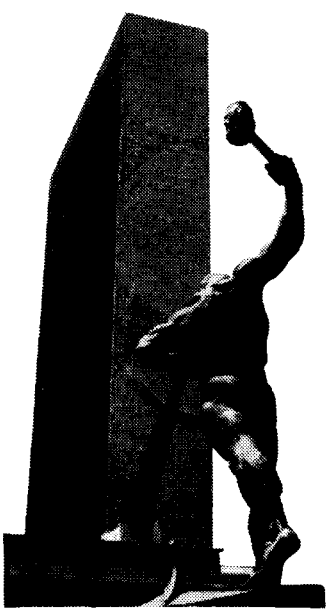

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although there have always been small groups expressing esoteric, deviant, usually libertine values. Classical culture exhibited its unity through the fusion of reason and will in the pursuit of virtue. Christian culture exhibited consistency in the replication of the ordered ranks of society and the ordered ranks of the church with the hierarchies of heaven and hell, in the quest for salvation both in its social and aesthetic representations. In early modern times, bourgeois culture and bourgeois social structure fused a distinct unity with a specific character structure around the theme of order and work."

But this unity notwithstanding, for the *contemporary* world Bell finds it more "useful" to divide society into the triplex of techno-economic structure, the polity, and the culture—there is, in his jargon, a disjuncture of realms. And theoretically the book is about the cultural "axis" of today's society.

In the end this is a book in title only. It is something between a potpourri and a mishmash of essays (categories distinguished by Aristotle), some of which go back to the early 1960s, that appeared in one form or another in various journals. The essays have become chapters, held together physically with publisher's glue and ideationally with interpolations intended to create a semblance of unity. This patchwork sociology in and of itself may demonstrate the underlying thesis of the cultural contradictions of capitalism more cogently than the illustrations from the arts in which the book abounds.

The display of learning in passages about Ibn Khaldun, Vico, Marx, Kant, Comte sometimes makes a historian of ideas wince. When a sociologist writes about texts that are in libraries not yet destroyed he is not a completely free agent. Let the cobbler stick to his last. Bell's specialty is now the future. He headed the Commission on the Year 2000 for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. By that fateful date, many of us will be dead and unable to fault him, and the living, with the firefly historical memory that characterizes our culture, will have long since forgotten what he prognosticated.

Frank E. Manuel

Frank E. Manuel is Kenan Professor of History at New York University and visiting professor at UCLA. His most recent book is *The Religion of Isaac Newton* (Oxford, 1974).

Knowledge and Politics by Roberto Unger

(The Free Press; $12.95)

If one wants a popular or at least general audience for serious thought, it helps to have a small number of spacious ideas that can accommodate several different meanings at once and be conveniently expressed (or invoked) in a few handy phrases. Genuinely complex thought usually takes time to get sorted out, too long to make the early reviews. Important ideas don't always make sense immediately. A few books occasionally do seem to say just what we were thinking, had we only been thinking well enough, and these are generally the ones we like best.

Roberto Unger's *Knowledge and Politics* is an extraordinarily brilliant work, breathtaking in its ambitions and formidable in its achievement, but so demanding in its argument and so alien in its style of thought that it is unlikely to win a quick audience in this country. Some will find it absolutely opaque. Many will consider it grandiose and theatrical. A few will dismiss it as insufficiently rigorous. But others will see it as a major work of political philosophy and social theory, and I expect this group will grow.

Unger's work attempts first to describe and criticize, and then to reconstruct on more solid ground, the theories of mind and society, of knowledge and politics. It is divided into two parts: a "critical argument" directed against classical liberalism, and a "positive program" attempting, first, to identify the historical basis of a transformation of liberal society and, second, to adumbrate an alternative theory of personality and of political and social life. The text of the book is pure, abstract discourse, almost devoid of quotations, examples, proper names, digressions and dead passages. While reasoned with economy and even elegance (the book has a dazzling internal symmetry), it is also aphoristic, exhortatory, oracular—some will call it overwrought, and at times it's that too.

Liberalism, in Unger's eyes, began to take its classic form in the 17th century, but has been under attack since then by a succession of what he calls "partial criticisms"—Romanticism, Marxism, Freudian psychology, the sociology of Weber and Durkheim, structuralism, indeed much of the contemporary social sciences. While pointing to a new stage in thought, these partial criticisms have

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failed to address the liberal tradition's basic presuppositions. This is the task Unger sets himself: to complete the trajectory of modern thought, to articulate the foundations of the new system of ideas that is emerging as the historical successor of liberalism. *Knowledge and Politics*, however, undertakes not only to formulate this emerging consciousness, but also to criticize and transcend its potential one-sidedness by developing a more adequate theory of personality and society, encompassing both liberalism and its nascent alternative.

The book has both a metaphysical and a historical argument. The metaphysical concerns the relationship of universals and particulars; the historical concerns the transition from liberal society to what Unger calls the "welfare-corporate state." The two arguments intertwine. Liberalism, according to Unger, is characterized by a separation of universals and particulars. Its psychology and ethics dissociate reason from desire, and its political and legal theory dissociate rules from values. Its religious consciousness is characterized by the idea of transcendance—that is, the separation of God and the world, and heaven and earth, which when secularized becomes a distinction between culture and nature, and state and society. The liberal consciousness is individualist and instrumental: people are separate from one another, and all are separate from nature, which is treated as an object of manipulation.

The transition to a "welfare-corporate state," though uncertain in its final outcome, sees a tendency toward more collectivist forms of thought and organization. The ideal of community reasserts itself over the spirit of individualism. Men become less instrumental in their view of nature, emphasizing its intrinsic worth. Religious consciousness moves toward either a secularized ideal of immanence (the denial of a distinction between nature and culture, and reason and desire) or a reconciliation of the immanent and transcendant. Parallel changes echo through bureaucratic and legal institutions.

Concrete evidence for these points is rarely strong, and much of it can be interpreted in contrary ways. The welfare-corporate state, Unger concedes, is no more than a "tendency" at work within liberal society, and he is unsure what character it may ultimately take. The society it leads us to may be either closed and hierarchical or open and egalitarian. Unger himself favors the latter, but without any certainty that it will be achieved.

In Unger's portrait of men's relationship to their own lives, there is a relentlessly harsh view of contemporary social life, dominated by a sense of its falseness, pathos and desolation. In "the universal pantomime that consumes the entire life of society," people become their masks: their personalities fall subordinate to the roles they play. Liberal society—torn between the principles of merit and class, between its commitment to impersonal rules and men's actual experience of domination—turns increasingly bureaucratic in its effort to rationalize power. Universals of various kinds—roles, rules, legal persons, economic interests—take on a life of their own, while the particulars, the sources of individuality, are eviscerated. Paradoxically, although liberal doctrine grants concrete existence only to the particulars, the universals dominate all thought and action: "The ghosts sing and dance on stage while the real persons sit dumbly in the pit below."

To this condition, there are two familiar responses. One is the path of "disintegration"—the falling apart of the self, the denial of particularity in the hopeless search for what Unger calls "abstract universality." Disintegration, he suggests, is the "defining experience of the culture of modernism." A second response is the path of "resignation"—the despairing acceptance of the "pure particularity" of one's limited role, exemplified nowhere more than in bureaucratic life. "Stoicism," he remarks, "is the natural religion of the bureaucracy; to play his part is the pride that is left to the Stoic after he has abandoned all other hopes, including the hope of becoming a full personality."

In love, art and religion, people do find satisfaction, but to translate these exceptional experiences into political and social life would require the reformation of society "if it could be accomplished at all." The purpose of Unger's "theory of organic groups," with which he closes the book, is to suggest what such a reformation would be like.

From the outset Unger presents his work as an attempt to reunify our theoretical understanding of the world with our moral and political ideas about what we ought to do. But in the final chapter, arguing that theory breaks down as it approaches the domains of

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politics and religion, he does no more than restate some of the classical political dilemmas, and plead for divine revelation. In his political discussion, so careful is he to balance the relative interests of individual and community, community and state, democratic rule and the need for expert judgment, that by the end his views no longer seem so different from contemporary liberal opinion. One must be careful to distinguish in what sense Unger's criticism of liberalism is "total," as he claims it to be. While directed at certain presuppositions of classical liberal thought, it does not seem to discard the ends, such as freedom and equality, conventionally associated with liberalism.

Still, one does not rest comfortably with the burden of Unger's central argument. For my own part, I should rather take my chances in a society where, however imperfectly, reason is separated from desire, description from evaluation, and knowledge from politics, than in a society where no such distinctions were made. Without those dissociations, criticism and free thought would scarcely be possible: there would be no knowledge beyond politics, no reason beyond desire, no basis for an appeal against the seamless ruling system of thought. The wholeness and unity Unger wants are almost surely the soil of mysticism and tyranny. Though he is aware of the problem ("community is always on the verge of becoming oppression"), I am not satisfied that he has resolved it.

These doubts lead to others. Has Unger not given us a one-sided view of liberalism, its other side always defined as belonging to "partial criticism" and to the consciousness of the emerging "welfare-corporate state"? And then, in his own theory, has he not provided a false reconciliation of two one-sided theoretical conceptions? Furthermore, is it reasonable to suppose that the playing of roles and the falsification of personality that Unger finds in liberal society would be less apparent in the world of organic communities he envisions? And is there not a problem of unequal treatment in Unger's theory—the difficulties of liberal thought and society being viewed as fatal contradictions and the comparable difficulties of another system counting only as dilemmas and tensions?

These difficulties aside, there should be no question about the order of Unger's achievement. He has formulated a coherent and intellectually serious theoretical system, sensitive to problems of personality as well as social organization and unified in its approach to thought and history. Unger has responded, moreover, to what he has understood to be the necessities and opportunities of the historical moment, envisioning a society at rest and in harmony with itself and with nature, comprised of communities of shared purpose, egalitarian rather than hierarchical, and democratically governed. "I have written this essay as an act of hope," he says at the outset. Later he adds, "Speculative thought is hostile by its very nature to resignation and disintegration. To examine our most simple ideas systematically is to assert the claims of unity against disintegration and of the mind's authority over the world against resignation to the world's dark order. Hence, philosophy is revolutionary even when it appears conservative, and thought is the denial of fate even when it seems to be its defense." In the period of political restiveness and intellectual reconstruction ahead of us, I expect *Knowledge and Politics* may gain a far-reaching influence. It will be a book to conjure with for some time to come.

Paul Starr

Paul Starr is a member of the Society of Fellows at Harvard.

Nightmare: The Underside Of the Nixon Years by J. Anthony Lukas

(Viking; $15)

A former ranking attorney general on the Watergate Special Prosecution Force pondered aloud recently about the possibility of plowing back through the public record of Watergate and related matters to assemble the evidentiary case on Richard Nixon. Instead of indulging in the fantasy that lawyers are sometimes given to—aspiring to write something readable—the ex-prosecutor should read J. Anthony Lukas' *Nightmare*. Lukas got there first.

He has produced an investigative masterwork that should give Nixon resurrectionists fits. A lucid, compelling writer, Lukas has uncovered crucial details that fill gaps in large sections of the Watergate mosaic. The result is that he advances the case from the somewhat less convincing standard of preponderance of the evidence to the totally persuasive measure of guilt beyond a reasonable doubt on key aspects of the story that have remained fuzzed in grays.

The author's raw materials include thousands of pages of testimony before House and Senate committees, Justice Department memoranda, the volumes of impeachment evidence, civil suit depositions and transcripts of White House tapes. The press dug only inches deep into this massive accumulation of evidence when it reported the story. Lukas builds on the documentary record with productive interviewing of the kind he honed as a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for *The New York Times*.

One example of the telling knot-tieing: Lukas links a Nixon declaration at a Sept. 16, 1971, press conference that the Kennedy administration had "complicity in the murder of (South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh) Diem" with E. Howard Hunt, Jr.'s faking of cables to prove the assertion. Lukas goes on to show that the bogus cables accomplished their purpose when one authority on the 1963 coup who had been shown the messages did imply in an NBC documentary that the United States was involved in Diem's death.

In another loop-closing operation, Lukas cites evidence that the illegal Huston intelligence plan, which Nixon said he called off after five days, was implemented piecemeal.

Lukas provides persuasive support for his thesis that Nixon's overdeveloped fear of losing and terror of being a one-term President led to Watergate. The mid-term 1970 election represented a devastating defeat for an incumbent President who was convinced he could buck the trend of off-year elections and achieve an ideological majority. Steps had to be taken to assure that 1972 would not be a greater tragedy.

In addition to a sharp eye for evidence, Lukas tells a powerful anecdote. We learn how Sen. Robert Packwood of Oregon helped deflate Operation Candor, the November 1973 White House PR effort to recover from the effects of the Saturday Night Massacre. Packwood, along with 10 other Senate Republican colleagues, had the opportunity to question Nixon at a session in the White House solarium.

The first-term senator delivered a five-minute statement, concluding: "For too long, this administration has given

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the public the impression that its standard of conduct was not that it must be above suspicion but that it must merely be above criminal guilt. Mr. President, that is not an adequate standard of conduct for those who have been accorded the privilege of governing this country."

Packwood told Lukas that Nixon "seemed to be looking right through me. He wasn't focusing. I don't think he wanted to focus on what I was saying. When I was finished, he said, 'Thank you,' and moved on to the next man."

Lukas points up Nixon's "enormous capacity to deceive himself."

Reading of the illegal activities of the ex-President and his agents against the backdrop of Nixon's China trip is jarring—even for a reporter steeped in Watergate for more than two years. But months and years from now, Lukas' work should carry the same compulsion for the reader, thanks to the power of the author's facts and the strength with which he expresses them.

Illustrative of the balance that Lukas brings to the book is his reporting of a June 1974 analysis of the then approaching impeachment question by an obviously tortured Republican congressman. Would removing Nixon mark a return to "the old ethic"—killing the king in a catharsis of fear and pity? The congressman, Edward G. Biester, Jr., of Pennsylvania, told Lukas that he feared impeachment "could set off a cycle of vengeance which could be with us for years." The rush to pursue and detail former President John F. Kennedy's reputed bedroom prowess suggests Biester would have been right if the smoking gun tape had not surfaced.

Lukas offers some intriguing theories: that installation of the White House taping system was Nixon's attempt to regain the tax deduction he lost when Congress eliminated the write-off for personal papers; that the motivation for the Watergate break-in was primarily to learn what Nixon's adversaries knew about Howard Hughes' $100,000 contribution through Charles G. "Bebe" Rebozo; and more.

The books is not without fault. Lukas lists his sources in a 10-page section that concludes the work. But there are scant footnotes, no map for someone wanting to inquire further. Thus when Lukas reports new facts, as he so often does, the reader has to guess from a list of possible sources. Numbered footnotes would eliminate the guesswork.

Henry Kissinger is viewed in the worst possible way. At one point his behavior is explained by his membership in the corps of "awkward, pudgy, bespectacled Jewish kids."

The book's one-time elevation of Henry E. Petersen to the rank of Attorney General and Hugh Scott to the post of Senate majority leader are obvious typographic errors. Not so clearly a printer's goof is listing John W. Dean, III's Justice Department post as Deputy Assistant Attorney General. (He was an Associate Deputy Attorney General, significant because he was a favorite of Richard G. Kleindienst, ther the Deputy.) More important, Lukas writes that Egil "Bud" Krogh, Jr.'s move to the post of Undersecretary of Transportation in the second Nixon term represented an attempt by the President to separate himself from those stained by Watergate. The evidence strongly suggests that the appointment of loyalist Krogh was part of Nixon's move to centralize total control of the cabinet agencies in the White House.

But these relative quibbles and an occasional foray into verbal excess—Kissinger's background "was certain to make H.R. Haldeman's crew cut stand up straight and quiver"—amount to minor blemishes.

More typical, as far as Lukas' writing goes, is the way he describes Nixon's March, 1974, appearance in Nashville at the dedication of the Grand Ole Opry's new home.

"Ignoring a man who held up a sign, 'He Ain't Country, He's Crooked,' Nixon reached into his pocket and pulled out a bright yellow yo-yo. Everybody laughed, for the yo-yo had long been the trademark of Roy Acuff, 'the King of Country Music.' Now the President of the United States—hoping to please the simple country folk before him—tried to bounce the yellow yo-yo up and down. But it wouldn't work. It just hung there at the end of the long string."

Lukas has explained Watergate better than anyone so far and has pointed to areas that badly need further investigation.

Ronald J. Ostrow

Ronald J. Ostrow, an investigative reporter for the Washington bureau of *The Los Angeles Times*, has covered the Justice Department for 10 years.

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Spandau, The Secret Diaries by Albert Speer

(Macmillan; $13.95)

On October 1, 1946, at Nuremberg, Albert Speer was condemned to 20 years of his own company. Today, nearly 10 years after his release from Spandau prison, he lives a comfortable, middle-class life near Heidelberg, with all the outward signs of a retired statesman. All in all, life did not turn out too badly for the former Reichminister of Armaments and War Production, and chief architect of Hitler's Germany. In the material comforts of his autumn years, Speer is an example that crime can be made to pay.

Speer is under no illusion that a crime must have been committed. As he wrote in his diary on April 2, 1947: "Who could survive twenty years of imprisonment without accepting some form of guilt?" That was not Speer's last word on the subject, but it could serve as the summary of his reflections and musings on the years of his complicity as a leading Nazi.

The answer to his rhetorical question is, of course, simple: someone who did not feel guilty could serve 20 years without accepting guilt. After a close reading of this rather boring memorial to Speer's dull mind, I suspect that Speer

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was really one of those.

Of course, there are many possible interpretations of this diary, and many possible angles of reference for interpreting the man who penned it, and returned to edit and publish it after nearly a decade had passed. One of these angles is to accept the man at his own word, to probe no more deeply than he did, and to demand no more of his life than he has.

From that perspective, we derive a portrait of a passive, accepting, and considerably unfeeling person. To "accept" is the hallmark of Speer, and to believe in that acceptance is to reach the limit of his creativity.

Two days after the April 2 entry, Speer learned of his father's death. He summarized a passage on that event with, "Father and I never talked about our feelings." Nearly 15 years later, Speer did recall one feeling that passed between father and son. The elder Speer, also an architect, had reviewed plans for the new capital of the Reich. "After some moments of silence," Speer writes, "he said merely, 'You know you've all gone completely crazy,' and left." Speer remarks on his recollection: "How brittle all aesthetic and moral standards must have grown before Hitler became possible."

So Hitler was created, so to speak, for moral and aesthetic reasons. To Speer, personally, there was never any doubt that Hitler, in turn, had created Speer. Hitler took possession of him, Speer writes, "Yet I never had the feeling that I was making a break, let alone betraying anything I cherished; rather the feeling was one of liberation and intensification, as though only then was I coming to my proper self. . .After all, I was entirely dependent on Hitler's whim for achieving my ambitions." Those ambitions, as Speer unveils them in these pages, were for grandeur, power and a place in architectural history. He had all three, albeit they will be recorded in the jaundiced footnotes of the future. But even the essential failure of his life, the failure based on his having achieved what he was led to want, was not his responsibility: "I see in retrospect how far astray (Hitler) led me from my beginnings and ideas."

Poor Speer. One of the most powerful men in the grotesquely powerful Third Reich, the absolute commander of untold thousands of slave laborers, privy to the ghastly secrets of systematic destruction, and the self-confessed conspirator in plot and counter-plot within the Reich. But in reality, he

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knows, he was simply the tool of others, pushed and pulled and never in control. He followed orders, and his tragedy is that the orders turned out to be the losing ones. "At any rate," he wrote in 1952, "it is something of a consolation to me that I was loyal not only to Hitler but also to the conspirators (of July 20)." It all happened to Speer, none of it was made to happen by Speer. Then why did he alone confess at Nuremberg? Because "even in the management of a company, every individual is responsible for the conduct of the business." No comment.

The diary portrait of Speer is without dignity, and so it is a fitting one. It is largely without remorse, except for those 20 years of prison, which Speer fleetingly realizes were rather suited to his true needs for passivity and compliance.

And the portrait adds nothing to the man or his environment that we would not otherwise have known. Just prior to the publication of this diary, Florence Mial and Michael Selzer, in *The Nuremberg Mind*, superbly sketched this same Speer from the record of a Rorschach test given before the Nuremberg trials. The found him to be passive, uncreative and "probably not very effective at functioning under his own volition, or when he had to set his own direction." It took Speer 20 years and 450 pages to lead us to the same conclusion.

Then let us put Speer aside, as he so richly deserves. What else do those 20 years have to offer? We catch glimpses of his fellow inmates, and wish for more about them. Hess seems to be the most complex and interesting of the seven, von Schirach the most corrupt, Doenitz the most anachronistic, von Neurath the most pitiful. The prison administration becomes a parody of warped morality, and the guards a cross-section of international lumpen-bourgeois cynicism.

There are distinct possibilities in all of this, but Speer does not have the means to exploit them. Everything happens at a great distance, and others have drawn in only to serve as self-conscious borders for Speer's imagination. It is possible to conclude that Albert Speer understood very little of what happened to him before, during or after the Nuremberg trials.

The reader must assume greater responsibilities. It is easy, as many reviewers seem to have done, to be drawn into Speer's own framework, and to be seduced by the man's semblance of a groping toward self-realization and analysis. It is at least necessary to pause occasionally and to recall that Speer was an early and ardent Nazi, and one who enjoyed nearly every minute of strength within the Reich. Admittedly, it takes some courage to accept these diaries as part of the charade that Speer called a life, but it is important to remember the continuity: he often reflects, in these pages, on where fate would have pushed him were it not for the tragedy of defeat.

Michael Kahan

Michael Kahan teaches political science at Brooklyn College of the City University of New York.

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Floating Worlds by Cecelia Holland

(Knopf; $10.95)

Imperial Earth by Arthur C. Clarke

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95)

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Cecelia Holland's *Floating Worlds* is the fact that it was written at all. When an established historical novelist decides to risk disappointing the special audience she has built up with such books as *The Firedrake*, *The Kings in Winter*, and *Great Maria* by venturing into science fiction, it is an indication that science fiction must be very hot stuff. As indeed it is. Not only does there appear to be a voracious market for science fiction of all kinds both old and new, but there is a growing belief in some circles that the work of such recent science-fiction writers as Ursula K. LeGuin and Stanislaw Lem is of major literary significance.

There is a certain logic in the ease with which Cecelia Holland has moved from historical fiction to science fiction, for both genres employ similar romance strategies of temporal distancing to free the author from the tedium that the usual brand of psychological realism is heir to. Both genres permit a writer to chronical events greater than, say, adultery in Scarsdale. Both, too, derive much of their interest from exotic settings. The game of historical fiction involves the construction of the past; the game of science fiction involves the construction of the future, an activity that necessarily demands meditation upon the past. Both are thus by their intrinsic natures committed, at least in principle, to a confrontation with history as well as psychology.

From the time of its coalescence into an identifiable genre in the late 19th century, science fiction has been in part a tradition of seriously playful meditations on the nature of the historical process. History was of course H.G. Wells' great theme. The title of *The Time Machine*, for example, may be taken as referring not only to the ivory and crystal gadget that projects Wells' traveller into the horror of the future but also to that other time machine in which we are all imprisoned. It is striking, too, that science fiction tends to generate epic future "histories" such as Olaf Stapledon's dazzling *Last and First Men*, which chronicles the next billion years of human history, or, in the American popular tradition, Isaac Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy*, which plays, albeit rather clumsily, with the notion of influencing the course of history through the application of mathematical tools to the analysis of its processes. Such books as Stapledon's and Asimov's—and a great many others might be included in this category—explicitly undertake the fictive construction of the historical process. More recently, writers such as Brian Aldiss in *Cryptozoic*, a particularly intriguing time-travel novel, and Philip K. Dick in *The Man in the High Castle*, a parallel universe novel in which it is assumed that Germany and Japan won World War II, have undertaken what might be called the "deconstruction" of the very concept of history by playing wittily with epistemological conundrums.

One would think that a historical novelist turning her hand to science fiction would be particularly sensitive to the historical issues implicit in the form. But *Floating Worlds* is little more than

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space opera with a slightly feminist coloring, an adventure story in which a plucky heroine battles for power, influence and survival among a super-macho race of mutants, the Styths, who live in bubble cities that float in the gases of the giant outer planets, Saturn and Uranus, and who are involved in an interplanetary struggle with the Middle Planets for domination of the solar system. The Styths are distinguished by having claws, scent glands that exude a coppery odor when they become excited, and moustaches that seem to hang down to their navels. They are hard drinkers, hard fighters and hard wenchers, who beat their women when they misbehave and keep their multiple wives in purdah. But Paula Mendoza, relying on brains rather than brawn, proves herself as tough as any Styth. The book is filled with action—political and sexual intrigues, single-combats, murders, battles in space and on land—but compared to the novels of LeGuin, Lem, Aldiss or Dick it seems virtually empty of intellection. Science fiction has become a self-conscious and sophisticated genre, and *Floating Worlds* is simply not in a class with the best contemporary writing in the field.

Arthur C. Clarke, best known for *Childhood's End* and for his collaboration with Stanley Kubrick on the masterful *2001: A Space Odyssey*, is an old hand at science fiction, and *Imperial Earth* is much more successful than *Floating Worlds*. Set in the year 2276 and concerned with the journey of Duncan Makenzie from Titan, a moon of Saturn, to Earth in order to represent his world at the American Quincentennial Celebrations, *Imperial Earth* asks to be read as a meditation on history. At one point in the novel Clarke pictures the astronauts' Tranquility Base as it might appear 300 years from now, having become a landmark and tourist attraction, and remarks that where brave pioneers had once ventured; ordinary citizens could now travel in comfort: "That, in the long run, was what History was all about."

In its celebration of technological advance and its assumption that history is a more or less linear scheme of progress through the imposition of human will upon nature, *Imperial Earth* seems naive. But it is worth noting that Clarke's earlier work has not always been built on these assumptions. The attitude toward technology in *2001*, for example, is distinctly ambivalent and the conception of history there is quasi-religious, focused as it is upon a kind of descent of divine grace in the form of the mysterious slabs. Perhaps, then, the view of history here should not be taken so much as the book's "meaning" as a kind of strategic move analogous to the setting of rules of a game.

The rules of the game that Clarke plays in *Imperial Earth* are those of a particular subcategory of science fiction generally associated with the "golden age" of J.W. Campbell's *Astounding Science Fiction* in the 1940s, especially as represented by Robert Heinlein's early work. In this literary game the progressive view of history is essential. Other rules include the conspicuous maintenance of the laws of physics—a novel such as Wells' *Time Machine* obviously obeys somewhat different rules—and the assumption that although the human environment may change radically, nevertheless "human nature" will remain a constant. The object of the game is the construction of a future that is interesting because it is in various ways surprising and yet "convincing" precisely because it is constructed without violating the rules.

In this kind of science fiction setting tends to dominate story, and not surprisingly the plot of *Imperial Earth* is negligible. The book's real fascination lies in such areas as its clever projection of how Titan, the only satellite known to possess a significant atmosphere, might become crucial in the economics of an interplanetary age, its detailed description of what life might be like on colonial Titan, its equally detailed realization of a long interplanetary voyage, and its very witty description of Earth as seen through Titanian eyes. Clarke not only supplies us with a fair number of technological wonders, including a splendid new idea for a spaceship propulsion system based upon the concept of black holes, but he also makes much of such human matters as the political and psychological isolation of a distant colonial world such as Titan, an isolation enforced by the limited velocity of light which makes direct communication with the home planet impossible.

In *Imperial Earth* Clarke is playing the game of extrapolative science fiction very well indeed. The most sophisticated and important science fiction—like the most sophisticated and important literature of any kind—is of course that such as LeGuin's and Lem's in which the writer by seeing into the implications of the genre transforms the game even while playing it. And this Clarke does not do. But Clarke is not an unself-conscious writer—he seems to understand his limitations as well as his strengths—and who can fail to applaud a literary performance conducted with genuine intelligence and grace?

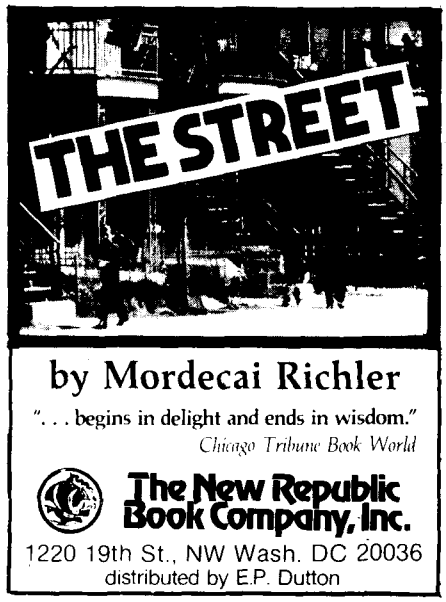
Mark Rose

Mark Rose is professor of English at the University of Illinois, and is editor of *Science Fiction: A Collection of Critical Essays* to be published in June (Prentice-Hall).

Computer Power And Human Reason By Joseph Weizenbaum

(W.H. Freeman; $9.95)

Like *My Fair Lady*, *Computer Power and Human Reason* owes its genesis to Shaw's *Pygmalion*. Written by Joseph Weizenbaum, a professor of computer science at MIT, the book details the "shocks" that befell the author when, a dozen years ago, he arranged for humans to "converse" with a computer. The humans "spoke" by using a typewriter connected to the machine; on analyzing the message, the computer typed back its response. Weizenbaum called his project Eliza, and its object was to demonstrate the information-processing capability of a computer for visitors untutored in artificial intelligence, so-called. Weizenbaum writes, "I chose the name Eliza for the language analysis program because, like the Eliza of *Pygmalion* fame, it could be



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taught to 'speak' increasingly well."

Launching his project, Weizenbaum prepared a script whose content, he hoped, would be of general interest. He cast Eliza as a psychotherapist and her human conversationalist as a new patient, a young woman whose boy friend found her depressed much of the time. Here is a sample of Weizenbaum's first script; he has written the psychotherapist's lines in unpunctuated capitals:

I need some help, that much seems certain.

WHAT WOULD IT MEAN TO YOU IF YOU GOT SOME HELP

Perhaps I could learn to get along with my mother. . .

WHO ELSE IN YOUR FAMILY TAKES CARE OF YOU

My father. . .You are like my father in some ways.

WHAT RESEMBLANCE DO YOU SEE

You are not very aggressive. . .You are afraid of me.

DOES IT PLEASE YOU TO BELIEVE I AM AFRAID OF YOU

My father is afraid of everybody.

WHAT ELSE COMES TO MIND WHEN YOU THINK OF YOUR FATHER

Bullies.

Once unveiled, Eliza changed her creator's life, provoking reactions that boggled his mind. On one occasion, his own secretary, long clued in on the nature of the program, asked him to leave the room, so that she and Eliza could be alone. When Weizenbaum, eager to amass data, proposed rigging the equipment so that any and all conversations could be examined, others accused him of seeking to invade the privacy of Eliza's communicants. More important, Weizenbaum found highly reputable researchers in a variety of disciplines, including computer science, choosing to "overrate" his program in order to suit their own outlooks. "[They] insisted on misinterpreting a piece of work I had done," Weizenbaum states. He was dismayed by the psychiatric uses that some experts, one of them a noted astrophysicist, envisioned. Paying his respects to Eliza, the astrophysicist wrote in a popular magazine that he could "imagine the development of a network of computer psychotherapeutic terminals, something like arrays of large telephone booths, in which, for a few dollars a session, we would be able to talk with an attentive, tested, and largely non-directive psychotherapist."

More authoritatively, practicing psychiatrists shared this dream. In one such manifestation, three of them, collaborating on a paper that appeared in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease*, saw Eliza ushering in a day of automatically treated patients, notably at institutions. The psychiatrists wrote, ". . .several hundred patients an hour could be handled by a computer system. . .A human therapist can be viewed as an information-processor. . .with a set of decision rules which are closely linked to short-range and long-range goals. . ." Appalled, Weizenbaum asks, "What can the psychiatrist's image of his patient be when he sees himself. . .not as a healer, but as an information processor. . .?"

Even computer scientists, his very own regimental comrades, heaped misguided plaudits on the unflattered Weizenbaum. As the excerpt from Weizenbaum's script has indicated, Eliza did not speak in computer symbols but in English, from which fact various of Weizenbaum's colleagues elected to infer that his experiments gave clear proof that computers could be made to comprehend ordinary language. The notion outraged Weizenbaum. He was on record as maintaining that if Eliza had any value, it was to support the viewpoint that words, often elusive in meaning, may be understood only in "contextual frameworks," and even then to but a limited extent. But it was no use. His boosters were after bigger game than the mechanical comprehension of language. The prize that beckoned them was nothing less than the simulation of "the whole man"—his emotions, attitudes, values. Socially and politically, it was held, the achievement would prove immensely "problem solving." "The whole man, like the ant, viewed as a behaving system, is quite simple," a leader of this camp wrote. And another, testifying before a congressional committee, said, "It is my basic theme that the human mind is not adapted to interpreting how social systems behave. . .Until recently there has been no way to estimate the behavior of social systems except by contemplation, discussion and guesswork."

The unseemly praise that Eliza brought down on him led Weizenbaum to write *Computer Power and Human Reason*. We should be thankful. It is an eloquent and excellent book, a deeply reflective, and felt, account of a scientist's awakening, in Weizenbaum's word, to the pernicious grandiosity that infects scientists everywhere. "They convert truth to provability," Weizenbaum observes. To be sure, he concentrates on his own field in setting forth his views, but he treats the computer—indeed, "the very idea of the computer"—as a metaphor for the effects of galloping science, a principal trait of which, Weizenbaum tells us, is the rejection of direct experience. The more we ourselves take on this trait, the more apt are we to undermine our individuality, our quirkiness, our unpredictability. The once aspirant Professor 'iggins, it should be noted, has not turned on his calling, for he cites many benefits we owe computers. Weizenbaum draws the line, though, when colleagues arrogate to themselves the prophetic gift. He believes there are dilemmas that *ought* not (his italics) be served up for mechanical disposition. Their "problem solving," he asserts, rests on wisdom and sympathy and respect—attributes that Weizenbaum considers peculiarly human. The tiny lights may blink and the tapes may move, but in a world worth inhabiting it will be ourselves we'll find at rainbow's end.

Daniel Lang

Daniel Lang writes for *The New Yorker* and is the author of *From Hiroshima to the Moon* (Simon & Schuster) and *An Inquiry into Enoughness* (McGraw-Hill).

The Making Of the Modern Family by Edward Shorter

(Basic Books; $15)

The Family in History edited by Charles E. Rosenberg

(University of Pennsylvania Press; $10)

One of the classic problems in the philosophy of history concerns the nature of historical explanation. Implicit

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assumptions regarding what kinds of explanations are valid have shaped the "type" of history described, as well as providing the underlying theory of history adhered to by the historian. Inevitably, one of the contemporary solutions is the history that attempts to do away with explanations altogether: this is the setting, this is what happened, this is how they felt, this is what they thought; no causes, no effects. Depending on one's bias, the result is pure history, or no history at all.

Edward Shorter calls the penultimate chapter of *The Making of the Modern Family*, "The Reason Why," leaving no doubt as to his position on this particular debate. It is a bold, if not reckless choice, to offer, after a detailed and varied study spanning several centuries and two continents, a single explanation for all of the transformations described. And far from hedging after his challenge, Shorter goes so far as to boil it all down to a single sentence: "Market capitalism was probably at the root of the revolution in sentiment." It is as though he had served up a huge banquet, and then given the departing guests a fortune cookie containing the recipe.

Such an audacious departure from scholarly circumspection has a certain chip on the shoulder quality to it. Actually, "the reason why" is dispensible enough if one disagrees with it, or finds it too simplistic. If it has some heuristic value for the writer, that is sufficient justification for its existence, although perhaps not for its inclusion in the final published work. After doing all the years of legwork—and eyework—among the archives and libraries and registries and microfilm viewers, Shorter is surely entitled to his own way of thinking about the material. It is certainly preferable to having no way of thinking about it.

The importance of this book, after all, does not lie in its theory, but in the distillation of its data, particularly in its picture of traditional society. Shorter makes use of diaries, medical reports, folklore, popular sayings and verse, records of customs, statistics, whatever he can lay his hands on, to reconstruct the experience of life in a family. He avoids the upper classes, which he believes have been overrepresented in earlier conceptions, in favor of the peasantry and the working classes, mainly in France. His subjects are largely the "inarticulate," and, recognizing the barriers to understanding what their lives were like, he proves himself resourceful and pragmatic in utilizing all the bits and scraps he can gather up. When he falls back on his sense of what the trends were, as is the prerogative of the one who has sifted through all the raw material, he speaks more convincingly about life in the community than about life in the family, and he is more plausible when discussing traditional society than modern society. There are several reasons for this, but the major one has to do with the attitude he conveys toward his principle object of study, the emotional life of the family.

If the task of the new social historian is to break through the stereotypical figures of history in order to find out how life was really experienced by the people who lived it, he will have to utilize, more than ever before, his own powers of imaginative re-creation—to use one of Shorter's favorite words, his empathy. Writers, and public figures, incur a special risk by introducing into the awareness of their audience a word with boomerang possibilities. It was a risk Chekhov took successfully when he had his characters say, "How bored I am"; and one that Richard Nixon took unsuccessfully when he said, "I am not a crook." And it is a risk that Shorter takes with decidedly mixed results when he uses the word "empathy." Because, for all the richness of the material, for all the enlivening quotations, for all the grasp of the subject he has, he comes close to spoiling the whole effect with a writing style that is so flip and ironic that it casts doubt on the very capacity for empathy on which such a study depends.

This is not to say that historical writing has to identify itself by monotony and humorlessness. But Shorter's style is not entertaining, it is distracting; and it is not particularly witty. The steady barrage of mild sarcasms and with-it expressions—"the Bad Old Days" and "Inner Search" and "fooling around" are among the recurring offenders—soon becomes irritating, and the constant sense of the author poking the reader in the ribs has a predictable effect. Ultimately, it is the ribbing and snickering which set the tone, and call into question Shorter's ease and sensitivity in dealing with affective issues, a question that should not have to be asked.

Shorter's discussion is not helped, either, by his own particular version of logical argument. He "systematically" shows, for example, in seven ponderous steps and an unintelligible chart, that the increase in illegitimacy resulted from an increase in premarital sexual activity—one might almost be willing to accept that much on the basis of definitions alone—and then proceeds as though he had thereby demonstrated fundamental changes in people's emotional ties. Or he will ascribe a relatively higher rate of infant mortality to lack of maternal sentiment: "The point is that these mothers did not *care*, and that is why their children vanished in the ghastly slaughter of the innocents that was traditional child-rearing." This, coming on the heels of the declaration that "public health is not a subject of interest in this book," seems almost deliberately provocative. By the time he reaches his "reason why," the reader is prepared to dispute him if he says that night follows day; he brings it on himself.

After battling with Shorter's always interesting but increasingly exasperating work, coming upon Lawrence Stone's quiet and unassuming paper on the nuclear family in England is a refreshing change. Stone's paper is the first in *The Family in History*, a collection edited by Charles E. Rosenberg. The goals Stone sets for himself are more modest than Shorter's, but he achieves them more persuasively, and elegantly, for what that is worth. He disputes Shorter with regard to time, as do Joan Scott and Louise Tilly with regard to causality, but on the whole these viewpoints can live together comfortably.

The Family in History is the publication of a symposium given at the University of Pennsylvania, and lacks something in focus and direction. However, all of the papers save one are informative and serious, and the collection is pleasant to read. The one exception is Michael Zuckerman's hysterical diatribe against Dr. Spock. Ostensibly a study of the cultural values implied in *Baby and Child Care*, it turns out to be a polemic which is in turn based on a caricatured presentation of the book. In addition to perpetrating this sophomoric distortion, Zuckerman shows not the slightest understanding of the problems to which Spock's book is addressed. What this paper is doing in an otherwise respectable anthology is somewhat of a mystery. They probably invited Zuckerman to give a lecture, and then were stuck with it. It is a sour ending to an otherwise interesting collection.

Paul Buttenwieser

Paul Buttenwieser is a psychoanalyst and child psychiatrist practicing in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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Correspondence

Regicide?

To the editors:
Like, I imagine, 90 percent of your readers, I was very much surprised to read the article by Reg Murphy on Jimmy Carter ("The New Jimmy Carter," *TNR*, Feb. 14).

It bore so many marks of personal vindictiveness that I could only surmise that Mr. Carter, while governor of Georgia, must have usurped Mr. Murphy's parking space at the Court House.

An article like this does not belong in *The New Republic*. I have never seen another like it there and sincerely hope it will be the last. There has been plenty of criticism of public figures, but none of it has ever sounded so much like a personal vendetta.

G.S. McAtamney
Appleton, Wisconsin

Richardson: Pro

To the editors:
While I cannot speak with complete knowledge about Ian Menzies' retrospective on Elliot Richardson's supposed peripatetic career ("Richardson's Resumé," *TNR*, Feb. 21) the gratuitous and utterly simplistic nature of Menzies' review of Richardson's performance at HEW deserves some additional comment. As a long-time student of HEW and the nation's health policy system, I believe Mr. Menzies has presented an unfair and highly distorted review of Elliot Richardson's generally impressive two and a half year term as HEW Secretary.

One must first recall that Mr. Richardson was called in to take charge of an HEW suffering from perhaps the worst disarray and demoralization of its generally chaotic 20-year history. In his early months in office, he did much to restore confidence among the bureaucratic legions who administer the more than *200* separate categorical programs comprising HEW's mission. Certainly, Richardson lost a number of policy battles. What HEW Secretary hasn't? He also accomplished much. In fact, his 30-month tenure as HEW Secretary was one of the longest in the history of that troubled agency, where the average secretarial mortality rate is 25 months. A rather stable performance for someone who, according to Mr. Menzies, has trouble holding onto a job!

In the health area, the successful enactment of the Health Maintenance Organization Act of 1973, over the significant challenges of the AMA and the flagging interest of the White House owes much to Richardson's vigorous and persistent advocacy, both within the administration and on the Hill. In importance, the HMO program is second in significance only to Medicare and Medicaid of the health policies enacted by the federal government over the past 10 years.

As to Richardson's knowing "exactly what was wrong with the nation's health care delivery system" and not solving it by "ending third party private enterprise insurance in favor of a Social Security type payroll deduction form of primary financing," surely Mr. Menzies is aware that just such a system of open-ended financing—Medicare—has nearly bankrupted our Social Security system! Those who irresponsibly advocate national health insurance as *the* principal panacea of our health crisis, betray gross ignorance and myopia about the intricacies of health system behavior. It's just not that simple, Mr. Menzies! Elliot Richardson's (and the administration's) unwillingness to jump on the "National Health Insurance is *the* answer" bandwagon during the early 1970's might be viewed as highly prudent and responsible policymaking.

Finally, Mr. Richardson's dogged pursuit of FAP and (you might have added, Mr. Menzies) his authorship of the "Mega-Proposal" (the Comprehensive HEW Re-organization Plan),rather than displaying a form of political opportunism which Richardson is accused of elsewhere in the article, were undertaken in the face of almost certain (short-term) political failure. Public policies, in our political system, are produced by "making a public record" for unpopular measures, such as "paying people money as a basic human right," so that they might become established at a more fortuitous time. It is clearly in this context that Mr. Richardson's FAP and Mega-Proposal stands should be seen.

These were principled and appropriate actions taken in the interests of public policy, without regard to short-term political interest. Elliot Richardson's performance at HEW, while not perfect, was perhaps the most competent secretarial undertaking in the agency's long and stormy history. Liberals (among whom I count myself) were generally pleased with his tenure and were dismayed by the draconian policies after the 1972 election when, finally, the fiscal conservatives, led by "Cap the Knife" (Richardson's successor, Caspar Weinberger) got at HEW and attempted to dismantle the nation's federal health and social services systems. Richardson's term as Secretary was a beacon of enlightment when compared to the darker side of the Nixon presidency which soon followed.

Jospeh L. Falkson
Assistant Professor
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Richardson: Con

To the editors:
Thank you for the Ian Menzies article on Elliot Richardson. It's a dandy anti-campaign biography, lacking only in a reference to Richardson's publicly stated position, while Secretary of Defense, to the effect that it didn't matter if Congress voted to cut off funds for the bombing in Indochina—the department would find the funds and do the bombing anyhow.

Many of us in Massachusetts have been aware for some time that Richardson's reputation as a liberal Republican was without justification. It's useful to have the documentation in so concise and dispassionate a form as Menzies' article. Particularly so in a year when this pseudo-liberal is mentioned as a running mate for that psudo-moderate, Jerry Ford.

Alvin Levin
Lincoln, Massachusetts

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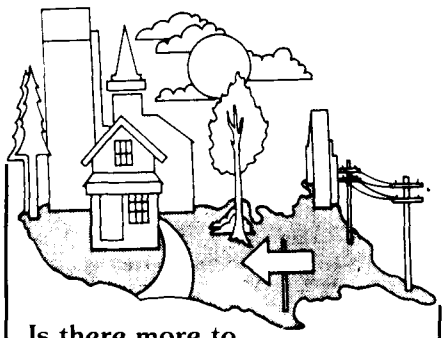

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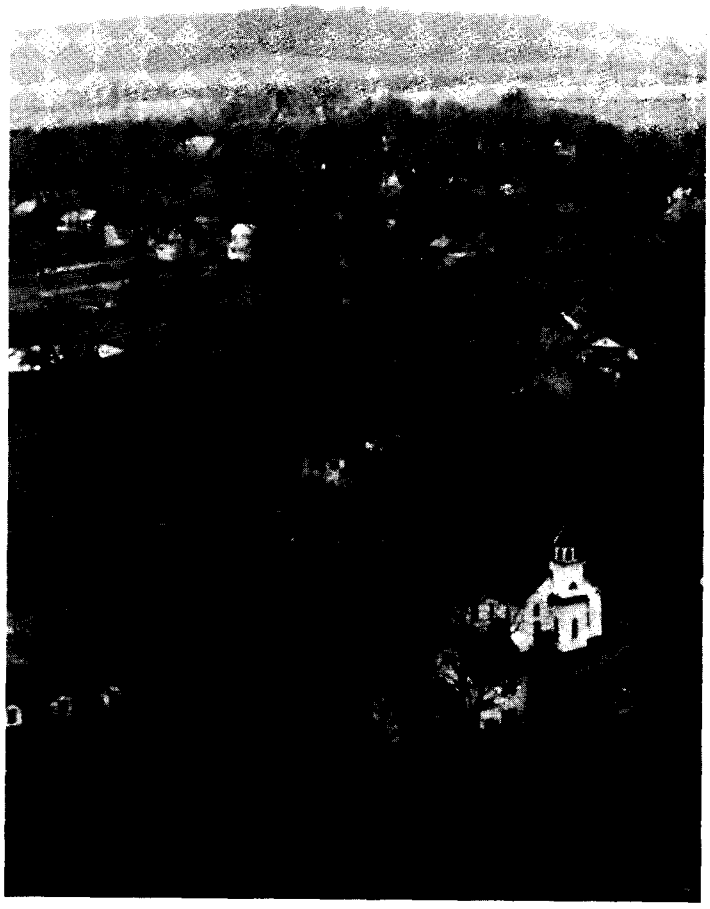

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